Commentary

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Robert Alter

Books in Review:
Arch Puddington/Daniel Pipes/Peter Brimelow/
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"Who Is a Jew"

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The article by Edward Norden, "Behind 'Who Is a Jew'" [April], is—for me, at least—the most illuminating I have ever read in COMMENTARY. One of its merits is, when speaking of such concepts as *sinat hinam* [motiveless hatred] and *ahavat yisrael* [love of Israel], to avoid the usual psychoanalytical stuff: ambivalence, etc. We Diaspora Jews indulge only too easily in these perfectly useless comments.

LÉON POLIAKOV
Massy, France

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Edward Norden writes that the Orthodox (*dati'im*) and the ultra-Orthodox (*haredim*) "observe the same 613 commandments." I doubt it. An examination of Maimonides' enumeration of the commandments will show that, of the 248 positive commandments, at least 160 could be observed only at the time of the Temple and of the Sanhedrin, but not now. And at least 132 of the 365 negative commandments would find no application today. This editorial slip lessens the impact of an otherwise searing essay.

DAVID H. FAX
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Edward Norden's perceptive article on the current religious-secular strife in Israel is flawed in part by a failure common to most analyses of this subject—a lack of understanding of the Orthodox position vis-à-vis the nature of a Jewish state today. This is not unexpected, as the Orthodox themselves have no clear understanding of their own position, either.

While there is no doubt in this observer's mind that the committed secularist, . . . if only he held the power, would de-Judaize the state of Israel and create an entity thoroughly steeped in Western humanism, the opposite cannot be said for his adversaries in the religious camp. The latter, if presented with a similar opportunity, would be singularly incapable of converting the state of Israel into a theocracy.

The platform normally ascribed to Orthodox Jewry (be it Zionist/Mizrahi or non-Zionist/Aguda) has usually been summarized by the motto, "the land of Israel for the people of Israel according to the Torah of Israel." To the general public, this would seem to commit Orthodoxy to creating a state run strictly according to the principles of religious law, Halakhah (with the rabidly secular group delightedly conjuring up the image of Iran under Khomeini in explaining Orthodox objectives). But any real attempt to achieve this goal ("a Jewish polity of the Law," as Mr. Norden puts it), . . . would show up this definition for what it is, . . . a fatuous slogan completely divorced from contemporary halakhic reality.

Yeshayahu Leibowitz, Israel's curmudgeon-at-large, especially in matters of religion and the state, is fond of citing the above argument in contesting the Orthodox position. His objection is based on unimpeachable halakhic opinion, accepted by all elements of the Orthodox community, that with the destruction of the Second Temple and its Chamber of Hewn Stones (which served as the seat of the Sanhedrin) and with the subsequent disappearance of ancient *semikhah* [ordination], the various laws that deal with the governing of a sovereign Jewish state . . . are no longer halakhically applicable, and it is, moreover, halakhically forbidden to reinstate them in any age other than a messianic one.

It is for this reason that Joseph Caro, compiler of the Shulhan Arukh, the code of Jewish law upon which most of contemporary halakhic practice is based, does not even deal with this subject. Apparently he felt that governance would forever remain in the hands of non-Jews—at least until the coming of the messiah. The stark reality, therefore, is that in spite of utopian slogans, a halakhic Jewish state in the ancient mold is unachievable today because . . . the laws by which it would ostensibly be governed simply do not exist.

It is ironic that the Orthodox establishment, whose incontestable province is halakhic law, has never grappled with the basic inconsistency of its own program to the point of attempting to provide a practical alternative in its place. Were Orthodoxy to do so, it would certainly be able, in the course of time and without compromising

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its standards, to develop a platform which would at the same time reflect Torah values, be consistent with contemporary halakhic norms, and very likely be acceptable to a great majority of non-Orthodox, non-secular (but traditional) Israelis.

The failure of Orthodoxy up until now to meet this challenge is perhaps indicative that it is resigned to remaining a minority in the state of Israel forever. Such inertia is unfortunate, for it severely undermines the Orthodox position by associating it mainly with coercive "religious" laws. More importantly, it serves to perpetuate the present *Kulturkampf* by denying Israeli society a bona-fide option which might prove to be the key toward resolving the conflict.

NORMAN A. BLOOM
North Miami Beach, Florida

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Edward Norden's article is so faulty at the rudimentary level that his wider-ranging analyses and conclusions do not merit serious consideration. For example, he refers to "black-coated commandos who spend their Sabbaths throwing rocks at cars. . . ." If these charges were accurate, the attacks described by Mr. Norden would be constant and ongoing instead of being confined to some sporadic incidents during a few months in 1987-88, carried out by a relatively few young men within a small area of Jerusalem. In any case, the *haredi* "rocks" must be special since they rarely hit, and when they do, they cause far less damage than . . . those "nonviolent" pebbles which are being thrown so effectively these days by David-like Arabs against Goliath Israel. . . .

Then there is the new Keshet group (the Non-Compromisers) whose members, according to Mr. Norden, have been planting bombs and daubing swastikas on Ben-Gurion's grave. Are they really significant? Evidently they have gone so far underground that there is nothing further to report. The same goes for the arsonists. Why these phenomena are so short-lived is vital to understanding Israel. I have no firm explanantion to offer except to suggest that authorities in the diverse *haredi* communities ultimately have effective control. Perhaps they have increased their reliance on politics. Why these episodes get so much media attention is another important question. Remember the worldwide coverage of those bus-stop arsonists a few years ago?

Mr. Norden's sketch of the changing character and extent of *haredi* power gives the impression that they have been winning the *Kulturkampf*, but in fact they have lost on almost every issue they have taken to the street. . . . Recently, the Jerusalem *Post Magazine* gave major coverage to the expansion of Sabbath entertainment and non-kosher dining in Jerusalem. Nowadays you don't have to go to Tel Aviv's Dizengoff Street on Friday night for music, food, Arab waiters, and pork. They are to be found on Shamai Street in Jerusalem, five minutes by foot from the Great Synagogue and even closer by cab from a stand half a minute from the Great Synagogue. The Jerusalem soccer stadium is also beyond the *haredi* grip, though work on the $24 million project has been stopped temporarily because the government has not kept its promise of half the funding, and the first installment of an $8 million donation will not be made until 1990. . . .

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in Mr. Norden's own report. For example, he says that the Sephardi "has lately come to realize that if the *dati'im* and *haredim* get their way, he will be deprived of his soccer match on the day of rest. . . ." But in fact the most spectacular voting gains in the recent election were made by the new *haredi* party, Shas, which Mr. Norden describes in his article as "supported mainly by Jews of Moroccan extraction. . . ."

JOSEPH LERNER
Jerusalem, Israel

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As a "bareheaded" American Jew, I found the article by Edward Norden very enlightening, especially his review of the events leading up to the "Who Is a Jew" controversy. However, my major concern, probably shared by a number of other non-Orthodox Jews, was not mentioned, . . . to wit: if the amended Law of Return were adopted, would the Orthodox view—which regards the offspring of Jewish parents who were married by Conservative or Reform rabbis as bastards—become legal doctrine in Israel?

MARTIN I. SELLING
Fair Lawn, New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Edward Norden's article gives an excellent overview of Israel's religious-cultural problem. However, I found it hard to see why he magnified the religious issue over all others, calling this question "the crucial one," and claiming that "how we Israelis finally answer it will determine how we allocate the wealth we make or are granted and how we pursue . . . peace with the Palestinians." If Mr. Norden means by this that the religious issue is not only crucial to Israel's unity, but will also determine both the nature of Israel's economy and its relations with the Arabs, I believe he is overstating the case. Certainly his subsequent account of the religious struggle in Israel since 1948 does not prove that particular point.

I do not quarrel with either the accuracy or the troubling aspect of Mr. Norden's charge of the systematic looting of Israel's treasury by the Orthodox. Nor do I deny that the religious issue affects the economic one. Still, it is a far cry from this to Mr. Norden's conclusion that religion is more responsible for the current situation than any other factor. Is the total subvention by the state of the budgetary needs of the Orthodox more important, for example, than the purely economic fact that Israelis spend more than they save? Is the exemption of yeshiva students from military service equal in importance to Syria's ambition to achieve military parity with Israel? Is religion really a more important factor in the morale of the military than the pressure of the continual state of war or the continuing necessity of serving in the reserves or—lately—in the occupied territories? Finally, I simply do not understand . . . how religion affects relations with the Palestinians, as Mr. Norden maintains.

So far from proving his point that religion is the crucial issue, Mr. Norden, it seems to me, proves almost exactly the opposite. If we find both religious Zionists and anti-religious Zionists, if we find observant Jews who serve, and observant Jews who shun the army, if we find *haredim* who are against the state itself and traditional (*masorti*) Jews who immigrate more and emigrate less, are we not forced to the conclusion that the religious element more or less cancels itself out with respect to Zionism, with respect to the Jewish nature of the state, with respect to the question of retention or surrender of territories? . . .

A final question that puzzles me in Mr. Norden's fine article is the following: if, as he states, 45 percent of Israeli Jews are neither ultra-Orthodox nor secular, but rather traditional, why are they so averse to non-Orthodox forms of Judaism? Even Mr. Norden himself, from his supposedly dispassionate authorial viewpoint, seems less than enthusiatic about non-Orthodox Judaism as shown in the following passage:

> . . . To more than a few of us, the real issue—who shall be an authentic rabbi for the Jews who remain in exile—was remote . . . even our most devoted *hilonim* [secularists] would say that as far as rabbis are concerned, only what the foreign press calls the Orthodox are the genuine article. These Reform and Conservative padres . . . look and sound more like college professors. . . .

In a curious way, then, perhaps religion *is* the crucial issue. Not in the way Mr. Norden sees it, as a struggle between the secularists and the ultra-Orthodox, but rather in terms of their mutual refusal (in which they are joined even by the traditionalist, middle-of-the-road *masorti* Jews), to recognize non-Orthodox forms of Judaism. To be sure, both Reform and Conservatism are represented in Israel in more than token form. Both have seminaries in Jerusalem, kibbutzim in the hinterland, rabbinic bodies, and a total of almost one hundred congregations. But both Mr. Norden and the Israelis seem to be saying: we refuse to be Orthodox because we do not believe and are not prepared to observe all the commandments. But we also refuse to accept a version of Judaism in which we could believe, and a code of observance possible of fulfillment, because these are not the genuine article. We prefer the extremes. . . .

[Rabbi] JACOB CHINITZ
Halifax, Nova Scotia

EDWARD NORDEN writes:

Of course David H. Fax is correct—only some of the 613 commandments are now observable. They have not been annulled, however, but simply placed on hold, until the simultaneous arrival of the messiah and the reconstruction of the Temple. What I should have written is that both the *dati'im* and *haredim* would observe them all if they could, and will when they can. There are schools in the Old City of Jerusalem today, close to the Temple Mount, where devout young Jews are studying those laws of purification and sacrifice for the priests, not to hurry the messiah along, but to be prepared if he comes along tomorrow.

Though such goings-on may seem esoteric, downright weird to some readers, they go to the heart of the observant Jew's problem with Zionism, a problem which dates back to before Herzl and is touched on in Norman A. Bloom's letter—how is one to found and rule a Jewish state worthy of the name on any except halakhic lines? On the other hand, how is one to apply all the laws associated with sovereignty in Zion without running the risk of hastening the messiah, a terrible sin? As I recalled in my article, most of the so-called Orthodox (not to mention Reform and Conservative) rabbis and their flocks handled this problematic dilemma until after Hitler by staying well away from Zionism and its works. Following the Holocaust and the establishment of Israel, and

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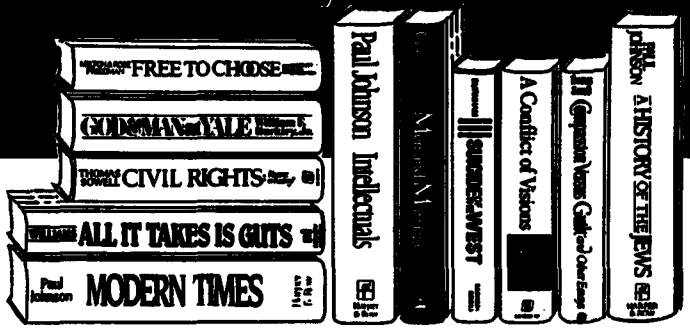

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especially after the conquest of the rest of Jerusalem in 1967, this ceased to be possible. "Stark reality," as Mr. Bloom puts it, has forced the Orthodox, even the *haredim*, to come to some kind of grips with Israel, if only in their day-to-day dealings with the state and its institutions.

As I also showed, this pragmatism has gone far indeed, to the point where, for example, some *haredi* parties, still refusing to acknowledge the state's legitimacy, have, due to politics, actually taken custody of several of its institutions and budgets. Out of the ideological nettle of Israel some handsome flowers can be plucked. "The Orthodox themselves," Mr. Bloom observes, continue to "have no clear understanding of their own position . . . vis-à-vis the nature of a Jewish state." He is only partly right. If their great dilemma is being lived, instead of ignored or resolved, this does not mean that among observant Jews both in and outside of Israel there is not a clear, sincere consensus of hope, not to say determination, that someday, somehow, all Jews will live according to the Law, and the Law will be the only law of the Jewish land.

The fact that "various laws that deal with the governing of a sovereign Jewish state . . . . are no longer halakhically applicable" in no way prevents anyone from cherishing that hope. Nor does it stop some from periodically attempting to push regulations through the Knesset which the nonobservant believe are coercive. This is because Israeli reality is less neat than Mr. Bloom suspects. No one here has the last word on anything, not even the learned, logic-chopping Professor Leibowitz. The rabbis themselves disagree on tactics, strategy, and timing. If most of them say that it is forbidden for the time being for Jews to tread on the Temple Mount, others say it is permitted. It may be true, as Mr. Bloom says, that the Orthodox, given the opportunity, "would be singularly incapable of converting the state of Israel into a theocracy." But their failure would not be thanks to any lack of readiness to undertake such a revolution as a natural continuation of today's secular-religious contest.

There are several reasons why a small-scale *Kulturkampf* is already under way in Israel. One is that some *dati'im* and *haredim*, unclear as they may be about many things, are ready as part of the political game to try to dictate cultural terms to the secular majority of Jews in and outside of the country. Mr. Bloom is of the opinion that the "Orthodox establishment" would do better to drop the machinations and concentrate on framing a new program, "a practical alternative . . . consistent with contemporary halakhic norms." Maybe it would. It is doubtful, however, that the establishment "certainly would be able" to produce such a program if only it put its mind to it, and that when it was published "a great majority of non-Orthodox" would see the light, thus bringing the culture-war to a peaceful, happy conclusion.

My sixth sense tells me Mr. Bloom has a *dati* agenda drawn up for his fellow Jews. Joseph Lerner, on the other hand, seems to be a *haredi* sympathizer. The plain sense of my article has escaped him.

Nowhere did I say that the *haredim* "have been winning the *Kulturkampf*." Nor did I say they were losing it, since it is much too early to know. What has happened so far is that they have won some fights, and lost others. The score is roughly even. *Item*: A secular attempt to get some of the 20,000 yeshiva boys who are now exempt from the army drafted has been shelved in committee. *Item*: El Al no longer flies on the Sabbath. *Item*: The main food-processing companies have given in, and now display special *kashrut* certificates on their wares together with those of the Chief Rabbinate. *Item*: At taxpayers' expense, and after yeshiva boys stoned traffic to the Ramot suburb of Jerusalem on the Sabbath, an alternate road was built.

In other battles in what is shaping up as a long war, the *haredim* have lost. Their loss over the Jerusalem soccer stadium I noted. And their loss, possibly temporary, over "Who Is a Jew" was nothing less than my dramatic centerpiece. It is also true that as a function of the sharpening culture-war and of the growing size and wealth of Israel's capital, you don't have to drive down to Tel Aviv anymore, but can, if you wish, dine out on shrimp in Jerusalem on Friday night, despite the anger of other Jews who would keep it impossible. I could have added other losing efforts overlooked by Mr. Lerner, such as the one by an alliance of *haredim* and *dati'im* to squelch the Mormon college in Jerusalem. In short, the warriors in the "religious" and "secular" camps can both cite good reasons for feeling surrounded. This does not alter the fact, which Mr. Lerner does not deny, that the *haredim* in Israel have more political and economic clout today than they have ever had before. Under the circumstances, violence would seem unnecessary. And indeed, *haredi* violence has its ups and downs. There has been less of it in Jerusalem since the Ramot bypass was built and the Palestinians started throwing rocks of their own.

Even when it is down, however, it is always there below the surface, liable to break out. For example, there was brawling between rival *haredi* parties during the last Knesset elections. When the *haredim* are violent, they are, well, violent—I don't understand why Mr. Lerner puts "rocks" in quotation marks when they're thrown by yeshiva boys.

Rather than ask "why these phenomena are short-lived," he should ask why they are chronic. Why, in a community which professes to honor learning and piety, and to despise force, do inter- and intramural disagreements chronically lead to beatings and arson? The answer would take cognizance of the general state of the world and then go back a couple of thousand years, to when the Sicarii (whose name has been adopted by a new *haredi-dati* terrorist group), were active in Jerusalem. The original Sicarii did some fighting against the Romans, but their specialty was killing other Jews. *Haredi* violence has traditionally been directed against other Jews.

Now, however, from that zone where the border between *haredi* and *dati* is blurred, where Rabbi Meir Kahane is cheered and the anti-Zionist metamorphoses into the hyper-Zionist, both Jews and Arabs are threatened by what may be, in Mr. Lerner's words, "a relatively few young men." These have firebombed the apartments of left-wing Jewish members of the Knesset. They have also set out from the Joseph's Tomb yeshiva in Nablus/Shechem, where they were supposed to be studying, and invaded a Palestinian village, shooting at everything in sight and killing a girl. Their rabbi later explained to the press that the blood of Gentiles is of less value than that of Jews.

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Martin I. Selling is probably under a misapprehension. The "Orthodox view" has never held that "the offspring of Jewish parents who were married by Conservative or Reform rabbis" are "bastards." Halakhah, unlike church and Anglo-Saxon law, is uninterested in wedlock when it comes to illegitimacy (*mamzerut*)—on this the rabbis are, for once, agreed. A *mamzer* is a Jewish child conceived in a forbidden, that is, an incestuous or adulterous, relationship. Children conceived by an unmarried Jewish woman and a Jewish man not closely related to her, or an unmarried Jewish woman and a Gentile, or a Jewish woman married to a Jew or Gentile by a Reconstructionist rabbi or for that matter by a Buddhist priest, will all be full, equal, and unconditional Jews for the strictest rabbis in Jerusalem and Williamsburg. This is all very clear and humane. The practical problem arises with divorce, since a woman divorced through a non-Orthodox rabbi is considered to have an illegal *get* (bill of divorcement) and therefore remains married. If she has children with a man other than her husband before obtaining a genuine *get*, she will be thought to have committed adultery, and her children wil be *mamzerim*, that is, Jews who may marry only other *mamzerim* or converts.

This is a painful problem for a number of mainly North American women who have come to live in Israel. Typically, they were married and divorced by non-Orthodox rabbis. Now one can ask, "If non-Orthodox divorces are invalid, aren't non-Orthodox marriage rites as well? And in that case, wasn't the supposed adulteress unmarried all along, making a *get* irrelevant?" To which no Orthodox rabbi will give an unambiguous answer, especially not for the record.

At any rate, there is nothing in the language of the proposed "Who Is a Jew" amendment to the Law of Return which would change halakhic practice on *mamzerim*. Of course, since appetite comes with eating, it is conceivable, though unlikely, that if the amendment were passed, it would be followed by Who Is a Jew, Part Two, in which not only non-Orthodox conversions, but marriages also, would be solemnly disqualified by the Knesset. Instead of worrying about this eventuality, however, Mr. Selling might ponder the wisdom of a saying from Jewish lore: *"Mamzer talmid hacham kodem lecohen gadol am ha'aretz"* ("A scholarly bastard is better than an ignorant high priest").

Rabbi Jacob Chinitz has put his finger on the nub of my article—my assertion that the religious-cultural crisis is the most important one for Israel. It is, I admit, a breathtaking assertion, and Rabbi Chinitz does not buy it, but I think I'll stick to my guns, defining culture as the anthropologist-journalist Richard Critchfield does, as that which "provides human beings with a design for living, with a ready-made set of solutions to problems so that individuals in each new generation do not have to start again from scratch." The secular "set of solutions" to Israel's host of problems, which more or less worked for a generation, has broken down, and the religious set has yet to take its place. Maybe Rabbi Chinitz would see it my way if he remembered that in my article I talked always about a religious-cultural crisis, and not just about "the religious issue," to which he almost immediately reduces it.

There is, of course, also a religious issue, one of whose aspects is the second-class status in Israel of non-Orthodox rabbis. I cannot echo his complaint that the majority of Israelis condone this discrimination because they "prefer the extremes." To be sure, extremism is gaining here, but most Israelis, incredibly enough, are still pretty open-minded and curious, ready to try anything if it looks like it might profit, please, or improve them. I would suggest to Rabbi Chinitz that the Reform and Conservative movements have failed to make a big dent for other reasons, one minor, the other major. The minor one is that the non-Orthodox in

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their North American bastions always seem to be the first to go on TV to trash Israeli policy vis-à-vis the Arabs—this is seen to reflect badly. The major reason is that, their admirable kibbutzim and seminaries notwithstanding, the number of non-Orthodox Americans and Canadians who move to Israel and stay here, serving in the army, contending with the heat and the red tape, having *sabra* children, voting for the Knesset, and offering an example of another variety of Judaism, is pitiful. Why then should the man in the street, let alone the politician, take them seriously?

El Salvador

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Elliott Abrams claims too much credit for the Reagan administration in El Salvador ["The Deal in Central America," May]. Although Reagan deserves plenty of credit—his record on El Salvador is certainly better than that of his major critics—the particular overreach in Mr. Abrams's article needs to be corrected because it reinforces a widespread misunderstanding of Salvadoran history that is harmful in the current debate.

Mr. Abrams gives the Reagan administration credit for getting the Salvadorans to hold free elections and to move toward a more "open, competitive politics." But when Reagan came to office, Salvador was already committed to free elections. It was governed by a Revolutionary Junta (JRG) which was a year-old partnership between the new army (which had thrown out the old regime on October 15, 1979) and the Christian Democratic party (PDC). In its original proclamation the new army leadership had committed the country to free elections (as well as to land reform), and it renewed this commitment in the pact it made with the PDC at the beginning of 1980. (See my article, "Can El Salvador Be Saved?," COMMENTARY, December 1981.)

Rather than reinforcing the democratic commitment of the new army, the Reagan administration took the easier course and accepted the conventional wisdom that only José Napoleón Duarte and the PDC stood for democracy and reform, and that the army was a substantial threat to these values. As I argued at the time, this was a serious mistake tactically as well as factually. (See "The Record in Latin America," COMMENTARY, December 1982.) The army was at least as committed to free elections as the PDC was.

We are still paying political costs for the Reagan administration's failure to present the situation in El Salvador correctly in the early 80's. (Of course, part of the problem was that many in the administration did not understand what had happened in the Salvadoran army. Some even bought the extreme Left's view that by preventing a Nicaraguan-type outcome the army leaders showed that they were not true reformers.)

It is true that the Reagan administration provided support against the right-wing threat to the government of El Salvador, but that threat did not come from the army. It is not by chance that the right-wing leader Roberto D'Aubuisson has been out of the army for ten years.

Mr. Abrams also gives the Reagan administration credit for essentially eliminating the "notorious death-squad killings." The issue is too complicated and different from American perceptions to discuss here, so this claim is not as easy to straighten out as the one about free elections—and it has some truth. But the Abrams formulation, in order to give the Reagan administration more credit than it deserves, implicitly accepts part of the false picture of events in El Salvador in the early 80's that the Left is still using in its attacks on El Salvador.

As the war between the guerrilla forces of the FMLN and the government of El Salvador comes back to our front pages, it is important to remember that the FMLN was created after the old regime in El Salvador had been removed, after the PDC had been brought into the government, after the commitment to free elections, and after the largest land reform in Latin America in fifty years. From the beginning of the war in spring 1980, the Salvadoran army has had much more popular support than the guerrillas, partly because it made the commitment to free elections, on its own, without pressure from the Reagan administration.

While one can sympathize with Mr. Abrams's reluctance to go out of his way to challenge the conventional wisdom about what happened in El Salvador, since he has other important points to make, it is also important not to let the Left's view of history go uncorrected. Each lie sold in the debate on Central America is a tool that will be used against us in the next struggle.

MAX SINGER
The Potomac Organization
Chevy Chase, Maryland

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

A reader of the May issue could scarcely avoid being intrigued at noting the authorship of "The Deal in Central America": none other than the czar of the former administration's Central American policy, Elliott Abrams. Here, one could not resist thinking, is a writer of truly remarkable credentials: point man in Ronald Reagan's machinations to obstruct the Contadora and Guatemalan accords, relentless apologist and advocate for every fascoid organization in the hemisphere, inexorable enemy of all popular movements, a man with a sociopolitical philosophy two steps to the Right of Hitler. Surely the article would be in the inspirational tradition of Jeane Kirkpatrick and Jesse Helms.

The reader was to be disappointed. Butter would not melt in Mr. Abrams's mouth these days. One encountered no explicit celebration of the export of death, no reference to the blackmailing of foreign governments, no mention of the violation of international law or the breaching of U.S. domestic law. These, however, were merely errors of omission, perhaps understandable in psychological terms as the natural repression of a conscience-stricken individual confronted with his culpability for war crimes of tragic magnitude. What is less easy to forgive is the author's endeavor—five years after 1984—to portray the administration's pathological crusade to maintain U.S. hegemony in the region as "the establishment of democracy" and "pursuit of human rights."

Which of the two is a more cynical claim it is hard to say. While it is true enough that the administration apparently came to possess a preference—if only for public-relations purposes—for the application of a civilian façade to cover the prevailing structures of privilege and power (such as the army), the ritual of constrained formalistic elections does not a democracy make to anyone but the Department of State and its supporters (and not even there if the country is Nicaragua). Equally in-

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defensible is the attribution of a concern by the administration for human rights, although here again there lurks a half-truth. Distrustful of generalized repression as counterproductive, it opted for the selected variety as most consistent with the old "hearts-and-minds" approach to population control. Nevertheless, under the stewardship of the good Assistant Secretary, the State Department worked assiduously to manipulate the human-rights issue as a propaganda tool. Celebrating with righteous indignation all transgressions, real, rumored, or imagined, of Nicaragua, it ignored, minimized, or condoned those atrocities committed by the governments of Guatemala, El Salvador, and Honduras.

In sum, Mr. Abrams creates a picture so surrealistic that it cannot but bring to mind another affinity with Hitler: he too was an aficionado of the Big Lie.

J.W. Barchfield
University of Guanajuato
Guanajuato, Mexico

Elliott Abrams writes:

Throughout the 1980's Max Singer took the Reagan administration to task for its El Salvador policy, which he kept saying was doomed to failure and could never possibly work. Now, in retrospect, when it is clear that the policy did work to build democracy in El Salvador, promote free elections, and stave off a Communist victory such as the one next door in Nicaragua, Mr. Singer switches tactics. Now, all of a sudden, Mr. Singer is arguing that there never was much of a problem in El Salvador, or even that the Reagan administration itself was a problem.

The heart of Mr. Singer's argument is that the Salvadoran army was totally committed to democracy by 1979, a commitment it reached "on its own, without pressure from the Reagan administration" and indeed before Reagan had been elected. It is hard to believe Mr. Singer is as naive as his letter makes him appear. His evidence that the army was committed to free elections is that the army leadership so stated in a proclamation. In fact, the army was much divided, and I know of not a single observer who agrees that *free* and *fair* elections were a sure thing. The army's commitment to real elections came rather later—probably in 1984—and came as a result of numerous factors, one of which unquestionably was U.S. pressure.

Every coup in recent years, from Pakistan to Peru, has been followed by the ritual promise of free elections. Sometimes they do follow, and sometimes they don't. In El Salvador they did, but this was no foregone conclusion in 1979 or the early 1980's, whatever the new military leaders were saying publicly. The Salvadoran military leaders who understood and supported their country's demand for democracy deserve great credit, but there is plenty left over for American policy, which on balance proved politically more sophisticated than Mr. Singer's own analyses.

As for J.W. Barchfield, his letter is a potent reminder that vituperation and vulgar Marxism form the sum and substance of Latin American studies on many campuses these days. If it were a crime to pollute the academic environment, the EPA would no doubt have put him away long ago.

Prokofiev

To the Editor of Commentary:

In "A New Look at Prokofiev" [April], Samuel Lipman says that Prokofiev's opera *War and Peace* has never been produced in the U.S. by a major opera company. . . . He goes on to say that such a production is long overdue.

Mr. Lipman is apparently unaware of Sarah Caldwell's Opera Company of Boston. Her "minor" company performed the U.S. premiere of this opera on May 8, 10, and 12, 1974 and then repeated the opera *four* times in 1980.

This provincial event had certain "Boston" features, including the fact that Prokofiev's wife, Mira Mendelssohn, was librettist and Tanya Tolstoy aided in the translation. . . .

The local press lauded Caldwell's performance, as did *Newsweek* and the New York *Times*.

R. M. Santer
Charlestown, Massachusetts

To the Editor of Commentary:

Samuel Lipman's article about Prokofiev was informative in its description of Prokofiev's work, and its evaluation of his relationship to the Soviet regime. But Mr. Lipman overlooks a significant issue. In listing groups to which Stalin was paying "murderous attention," he omits the most important—religious communities.

Prokofiev made a notable contribution to the anti-religious campaign through his close collaboration with the director Sergei Eisenstein on the film *Alexander Nevsky*. This is not only one of the most powerful films ever made, but also one of the most virulently anti-Christian. The attack on Christianity is twofold, by commission and by omission.

The enemy in the film is not the Teutonic knights, but rather the Roman Catholic Church. All of the symbolism surrounding the knights is Christian. They are pictured as being led and dominated by a malevolent cleric. He is portrayed in viciously stereotypical terms, as a physically repulsive, sly, cowering, behind-the-scenes manipulator. Sinister music accompanies his every appearance, and he is even shown organizing a "ritual murder"—the knights hold babies up to receive the sign of the cross and then toss them into a bonfire.

The Russians, by contrast, are presented as a people devoid of religion. True, church buildings

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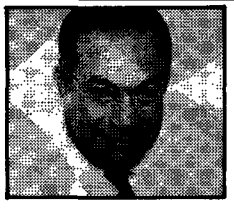

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are shown, since without them the country would not look like Russia, but no recognizably religious activity, ceremony, or symbol is shown in connection with the Russians. No recognizably religious statement is uttered; no recognizable Russian cleric is depicted. Yet at the time of Alexander Nevsky, the influence of the Russian Orthodox Church was preeminent.

The message is unmistakably clear. Russians are a healthy, vigorous, nonreligious people. Christianity is an alien, militaristic, baby-burning religion. The film was released at the height of the attack on the Russian Church, which was being annihilated. . . .

It has been suggested that the film was a premonition of the Nazi invasion to come. However, Alexander Nevsky, who represents Stalin in the film, argues that the Russians should attack the invaders of their own territory. Given the location of Pskov, near the border of the Baltic states, this suggests Stalin's forthcoming occupation of those states. . . .

CHARLES E. FORD
Saint Louis, Missouri

SAMUEL LIPMAN writes:

In pointing out Sarah Caldwell's production of *War and Peace*, R.M. Santer objects to my evident unwillingness to see her Opera Company of Boston as "major." If descriptive terms are to retain any meaning in this age of artistic inflation, then the word "major" must not be left to the assertions of publicists and well-wishers. The criteria for major-company status are length of season, number of productions, size of budget, and consistency of results. Therefore, only four operatic institutions in the United States can be said to deserve the appellation. They are the Metropolitan Opera, the New York City Opera, the Chicago Lyric Opera, and the San Francisco Opera; it is too early to make a judgment on the new venture in Los Angeles. I wish that Sarah Caldwell's penchant for doing, on occasion, important repertory in interesting ways were more widely evident among the majors. Sadly, her virtues in this area cannot substitute for her lack of institutional strength, and the history of such strength.

Charles E. Ford raises an important issue: the presence in *Alexander Nevsky* of powerful anti-religious elements. It may be remarked that Stalin's campaign against the religion of Christianity was part and parcel of his furtherance of the religion of Stalin. His campaign in the 1930's to revive Russian patriotism as a bulwark against the German threat was indeed predicated on his own status as the ultimate leader of the Soviet Union. In permitting Eisenstein to make a film (with music by Prokofiev) on the historical Alexander Nevsky's war against the Teutonic knights, Stalin was certainly aware of Nevsky's position in Russian history as (in James H. Billington's phrase) "the patron saint of St. Petersburg"; because of this mythic status, Peter the Great named the city's great monastic center for Nevsky. Carrying on a war of extinction against the Russian Orthodox Church, a war begun by Lenin, hardly precluded Stalin from seeing in the holy and victorious Nevsky a precursor of his own Marxist-saintly and nation-saving genius. Because Stalin saw himself as Russia's redeemer, it was not difficult for him to combine his murderous irreligion with the arousing of national feeling. In 1938, when Eisenstein and Prokofiev were working on *Nevsky*, Hitler's Germany was Stalin's enemy; only after August 1939 did it become a friend. This *renversement* tells us something we need to know about Soviet foreign policy; it cannot obscure the fact that the *Nevsky* film began life as a patriotic effort.

What was Prokofiev's moral responsibility in so closely collaborating on what Mr. Ford calls "one of the most virulently anti-Christian films . . . ever made"? Prokofiev was a materialist and an unbeliever; he was also a Russian patriot. His work with Eisenstein on *Nevsky* and on the later *Ivan the Terrible* was, after all, another example of his cooperation with the Stalin regime, and, by implication, with its crimes. Does the fact of this complicity invalidate his work? Insofar as his work is seen only as an aesthetic object, I think it is not invalidated; if his work is to be viewed as a universal expression of the highest human values, I am afraid this complicity in tyranny is deeply relevant. I am not optimistic about the existence of a large amount of art that would completely pass this test of purity.

We are thus brought to the difficult problem of the moral nexus between art and life. What the exact nature of this nexus is, I don't know. What I am sure of is that art which is not ultimately tied to the carrying on of life will finally forfeit our highest respect as art. I am also sure that a due regard for the independence of art from the crushing inroads of life is one of the values worth fighting for in life itself. In this regard, I can do no more than quote from the conclusion of my article:

> . . . any attempt to extract apodictic lessons about the creation of art from our knowledge of the political circumstances which surround it is to reduce artistic creativity to the level of a recipe, as if writing a symphony were like baking a cake. This, indeed, was Stalin's position; it need hardly be ours.

Jewish Variants

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In reviewing *Members of the Tribe: On the Road in Jewish America*, by Ze'ev Chafets [Books in Review, April], Edward Alexander repeats a bizarre characterization of the "leftist" New Israel Fund as an organization aiming to transform Israel into a country that "would meet the approval of the ACLU, the *Nation* magazine, and the Sierra Club." As described throughout our publications, and in my interview with Chafets, the mission of the New Israel Fund is to help Israelis strengthen the democratic character of that nation—to be a state "based on freedom, justice, and peace as envisaged by the prophets of Israel," an Israel that will "ensure complete equality of social and political rights to all its inhabitants irrespective of religion, race, or sex." Not the liberal vision of an American Jew from New York, these words are drawn from Israel's Declaration of Independence and reflect the best of Zionism as well as the goals of the New Israel Fund.

It is a frightening sign of the times that an organization dedicated to such goals is called "leftist" and that helping Israelis to narrow the inevitable gap between promise and practice is seen by Chafets as a naive imposition of American values. In order to strengthen the democratic character of the state, the New Israel Fund makes grants to indigenous Israeli organizations working on behalf of Jewish/Arab reconciliation, civil rights and liberties, women's rights, pluralism and tolerance, and bridging gaps

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between Sephardim and Ashkenazim. Our board is composed of Americans, Canadians, and Israelis and we raise money in all three countries. Our agenda is neither leftist nor imported.

Israel's President, Chaim Herzog, has articulated a vision of Israel's problems with which the New Israel Fund strongly identifies. "Despite the many dangers from the outside, the greatest danger is from the inside. . . . This danger derives from the polarization between different parts or sectors of the people, . . . from disregard of others, of the rights of individuals, of the citizens and the strangers in our gates. . . ." In his second inaugural address in May, 1988, Herzog said, "For Israel, the preservation of democracy and the vigilant guardianship of citizens' rights are sacred values. . . ." Are these not tasks deserving of the attention and support of anyone—Right, Left, or Center—who seriously cares about the future of Israel?

In the face of a harsh Middle Eastern political climate, the New Israel Fund and the organizations we support are the embodiment of a simple but challenging conclusion—the democratic character of Israel is too important to take for granted.

DAVID ARNOW
New Israel Fund
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Edward Alexander's review of *Members of the Tribe* by Ze'ev Chafets contains some derogatory references to "a Miami rabbi offering conversions to Judaism in one day."

The rabbi referred to, now deceased, is Rabbi Emmet Frank. The author of the book, the reviewer, and your readers may be interested in Rabbi Frank's rationale for what he did. He once explained: "Hillel brought a man into Judaism while standing on one foot. If the sage Hillel could Judaize a person in twenty-four seconds, I think I can launch a person into a Jewish orbit in twenty-four hours. I give the candidate a crash course in Judaism and then I tell him what Hillel said: now go and study." A number of Rabbi Frank's converts went on to become not only good Jews but leaders in Jewish organizations.

[Rabbi] SAMUEL H. SILVER
Temple Sinai
Delray Beach, Florida

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EDWARD ALEXANDER writes:

If David Arnow is disturbed by the application of the epithet "leftist" to his New Israel Fund (NIF), he can rectify matters by ensuring that, in the future, the chief beneficiaries of the fund are not the leftist organizations and individuals who benefited from its largesse in the past.

By far the chief beneficiary of NIF money is the Association for Civil Rights in Israel (ACRI), whose main current activity is expounding and defending the "rights" of Arab participants in the *intifada*. It has worked effectively to impede the detention of Arab terrorists without trial, to prevent the expulsion of terrorists from Israel, and thus to prolong the uprising. ACRI's most prominent and flamboyant attorney has been Avigdor Feldman, whose leftist credentials are so impeccable as to have earned him a place as the display Jew in the national conventions of PLO support groups. Feldman's contributions to public discourse in Israel include the allegation that Yitzhak Rabin has had Israeli soldiers injected with anabolic steroids to make them more aggressive toward Arabs.

Second to ACRI as NIF beneficiary is Neve Shalom/Wahat al-Salam, a village where a few Jews and Arabs operate a "School for Peace" to which Arab youngsters who believe entirely in the justice of the PLO cause and Israeli youngsters who are only half-convinced of it are brought together so that the latter may be reeducated. One Jewish-Arab political rally at Neve Shalom featured speeches praising Arafat, denouncing Israel, and urging Israeli youngsters to emigrate rather than serve in the Israeli army.

NIF has also contributed money to Peace Now and East Toward Peace, whose leaders certainly have no qualms about being called leftists. Peace Now's Avraham Burg, recipient of NIF's first fellowship, told *Ma'ariv* (June 13, 1986): "There are many people who still do not realize how far to the Left I am." Apparently Mr. Arnow is one of them. Shlomo Elbaz, leader of East Toward Peace, described his group as "the most coherent on the Israeli Left."

So far from strengthening Israeli democracy, organizations like NIF weaken it. They support precisely those elements in the Israeli political spectrum that reject the democratic principles of representative government and collective cabinet responsibility, and seek to use North American dollars to force changes in Israeli policy that the Israeli electorate doesn't want.

So much for Mr. Arnow's attempt to cover sordid actualities with lofty slogans. But let us for a moment take him at his word and suppose that the NIF really could transform the old, unregenerate insufficiently democratic Israel into a "new Israel," with perfect equality of rights between Jews and Arabs. Would this be compatible with the survival of a Jewish state? The great scholar Gershom Scholem in his final interview (given for South-German Radio), replied to his questioner's allegations about the flawed nature of Israeli democracy, which distinguishes between Jews and Arabs: "This is mere prattle. There is a situation of war between us, and it is not possible to give an Arab a controlling position in the Minstry of Defense." Let Mr. Arnow chew on the implications of that the next time he is about to write ACRI a check for its $250,000 annual grant.

I made no "derogatory references" to the late Rabbi Emmet Frank, but I did quote his advertised offer "to marry anybody to anybody, any time and any place." I grant that this offer did not strike me as having the moral authority of the utterances of "the sage Hillel." In *Shabbat 31a* we are told that a heathen comes to Hillel to be converted on condition that Hillel teach him the entire Torah while the heathen (not Hillel) is standing on one foot. Although Hillel does not deal with this impertinent fellow after the fashion of Shammai—who chased him with a stick—he is not quite the model of liberal flabbiness described by our Florida rabbis. He replies: "What is hateful to you, do not unto your neighbor; this is the entire Torah, all the rest is commentary—now go and study it." How could anyone believe that conversion was available *before* the commentary was studied?

It may be that, in the vicinity of Cape Canaveral, a "crash course in Judaism" can "launch a person into a Jewish orbit" where he can circle endlessly. The old-fashioned instruction recommended by Hillel, however, could come to some end because it started from some beginning; in morals as in physics the stream cannot rise higher than its source.

Law and Literature

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Peter Shaw's review of Richard A. Posner's book, *Law and Literature: A Misunderstood Relation* [Books in Review, May], makes precisely the mistake that Posner commits: both assume that there is a single law-and-literature movement. In fact, there are many law-and-literature courses taught, as Mr. Shaw indicates, but they vary so dramatically from institution to institution that calling them by the same name is most misleading and enormously unfair to those of us who do not share the ideological or political inclinations of those whom Posner attacks.

The theorists whom Posner "exposes" and "refutes" (Mr. Shaw's words) in his book treat law *as* literature; this is why they attempt to bring techniques of literary criticism to their readings of legal texts. They do not necessarily hold, in contrast to what Mr. Shaw seems to believe, that lawyers-*qua*-lawyers can offer special insights into works of literature. On the contrary, they tend to import *from* literature *to* law. More important, many "practitioners" of law and literature (if there is such a thing), or, more precisely, many of us who teach law and literature, reject entirely the idea held by some (held, I might add, by those for whom Posner, and apparently Mr. Shaw as well, have the greatest contempt) that techniques of reading literary texts have any utility whatsoever when it comes to reading legal texts.

What all this means—and what should be obvious from the very fact that Posner himself is a part of the law-and-literature movement—is that describing law and literature as "related" to the critical-legal-studies movement, which Mr. Shaw does, is not merely wrong but obscurantist and, one cannot help thinking, intended to inspire a knee-jerk opposition to the law-and-literature enterprise.

This would be unfortunate because there is a great deal that lawyers can learn from literature. Most fundamentally, they can learn that complex legal and ethical problems are radically ambiguous and have no clear-cut answers. This is among the lessons of *Billy Budd*. Mr. Shaw would apparently like it to be clear beyond cavil that Captain Vere's order to have Billy Budd executed is unproblematic; Vere's

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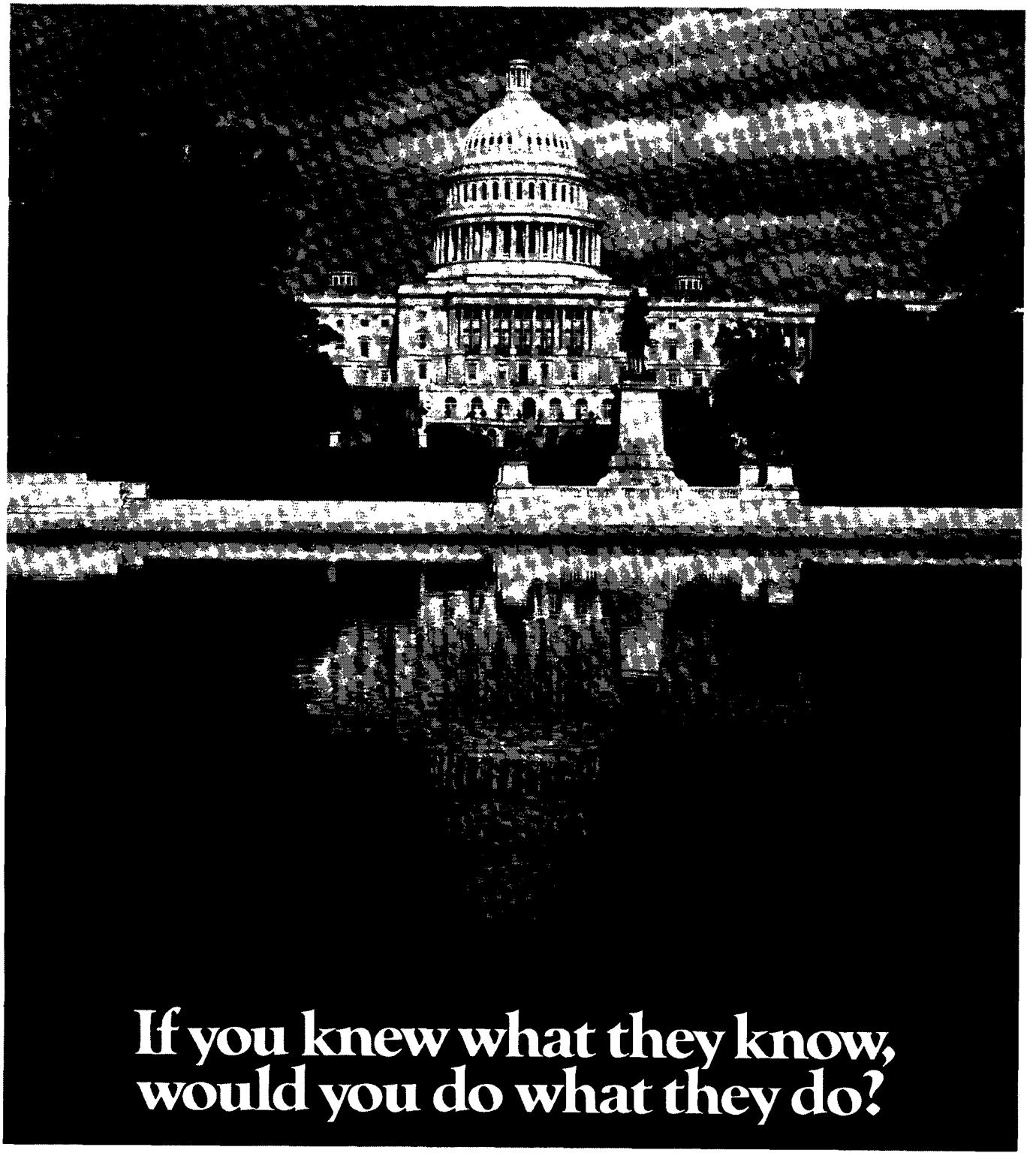

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lawyer would like that to be the case as well; and lawyers who thirst for certainty likewise yearn for that conclusion. But, in fact, we do not do justice to Melville if we find solace (as Posner does) in the consistency between Vere's act and military law; we do not do justice to Billy if we focus (as Mr. Shaw does) on the fact that Billy did the act.

The questions raised are far more complex: did Billy intend to kill Claggart, and if he did, was the provocation ample enough to justify his action? Vere is uneasy, if not remorseful, precisely because these questions are so relevant yet so intractable. Literature wallows in ambiguity; law recoils from it. That is a mistake of law, and it is why lawyers have a great deal to learn from great literature.

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TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In reviewing Richard A. Posner's *Law and Literature,* Peter Shaw makes some observations about the law-and-literature movement that should be answered promptly. Mr. Shaw asserts that Posner's attack on the movement is too polite; that he fails to hear "the noise of insurrection" in the work of Ronald Dworkin, Stanley Fish, Roberto Unger, Terry Eagleton, James Boyd White, and the present writer; that we are (collectively) guilty of conspiracy to bring down American law, corporatism, morality, mom, apple pie, etc.

Put aside the astounding claim that Posner's response to the movement is "genial." No one who has read his diatribe can credit for one second the notion that Posner eschewed politics or polemics in his book. But even as we stipulate that Posner's keen intelligence and curiosity occasionally permit him to see the validity of his opponents' positions, we must question Mr. Shaw's own description of the movement.

First, he fallaciously merges law and literature into critical legal studies. The movements, however, derive from totally distinct assumptions about law, hermeneutics, and epistemology. Whereas the "crits" wonder about the possibility of any valid legal system and adopt (loosely) a deconstructive approach to meaning and values, law and literature has always posited the belief in law, in determinate meanings of texts, and in the availability of truth itself. (See, for example, my *The Failure of the Word,* just reissued in paperback by Yale University Press.)

The debate about *Billy Budd,* misperceived by Mr. Shaw, exemplifies our approach. The radical problematic in Melville's tale, we assert, is *not* about law; rather it concerns the *manner* in which laws are applied to specific cases by people whose private values are askew. We focus on Captain Vere—as does Melville—as a repressed and violent man whose articulate legal formalism masks his negative inner vision. So, we argue, the destruction of the morally innocent Billy is compelled not by "the law" but by a morally bankrupt lawmaker, Captain Vere.

Rejecting the simplistic critical assertion that "law" is universally corrupt or unsusceptible of a just, ordered implementation, law and literature rigorously insists that the inquiry be directed to the values of people in power. It is those values, and no institutional flaw, that occasionally corrupt legal practice.

Thus it may be true that law and literature has an iconoclastic if not radical component. Yet that . . . should attract reviewers such as Mr. Shaw and readers such as those who look to COMMENTARY for moral and intellectual guidance. We are staring essentialist (some would say "foundational") questions in the face, rather than denying their existence or potential solution.

But the questions have nothing to do with "capitalist ideology" or the other flag-waving strawmen conjured by both Richard Posner and Peter Shaw. They go to fundamental inquiries about the way modern people think, feel, and act. Vere, again, serves as a model. His thoroughgoing resentment and violence against the joyous and just Billy evoke the persuasive Christian-era repression of morally correct but nonconforming individuals and beliefs. Through this perception, and my related "unorthodox" reading of the villain John Claggart (that he—and not Billy—is the Christ-figure of the tale), the story takes on the meanings Melville probably was evoking through his complex and covert style.

The implications for American law? Not that we should abandon law or the search for justice and the texts that stand for the fair relationship of state to individual or of one person to the other. Instead, we must identify and publicize those values that are foreign to justice and those that tend to promote it.

The implications for theory and teaching? First, that we should continue to emphasize the significance of myth and fiction for the associated narratives of the law; to this end, some of us have recently founded *Cardozo Studies in Law and Literature,* a semi-annual journal devoted to the interrelations of those fields. Second, that our pedagogy should embrace the inquiry into those values that inevitably inform the practice of law. Lawyers trained in "neutral principles" simply lack the means and the words to evaluate their own professional conduct when issues of fundamental justice arise.

Ironically, Mr. Shaw thus completely misses the real problem that Posner has with law and literature. Seen as I have just described it, the task of our movement is in part to respond to the cold, but still heavily value-imbued, microeconomic system currently dominating academic and even adjudicatory law.

This task is controversial, of course. But it will not do at this stage to seek its defeat through conspiracy theories based on incomplete knowledge and inaccurate syntheses.

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PETER SHAW writes:

Exemplarily refraining from calling a thing by its name, David R. Dow states that my use of the "l" words, "law and literature," is "unfair to those of us who do not share the ideological or political inclinations of those whom Posner attacks." Yet these unnamed inclinations, which I have been so vulgar as to identify as those of political radicalism, manage to peep out from Mr. Dow's comments on the "complex legal and ethical problems" of Melville's *Billy Budd.*

In a war zone, a sailor strikes and kills an officer, John Claggart, during a conversation. What are the complex questions for law in this clear case? In Mr. Dow's words they are supposedly these: "did Billy intend to kill Claggart, and if he did, was the provocation ample enough to justify his action?" Neither literature nor legal training is required to answer that (1) he did not

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intend to kill the officer, and (2) the question is legally irrelevant. Under military law in time of war, as was made cruelly clear to every illiterate sailor in the British navy at the end of the 18th century when the story takes place, the punishment for disobeying an officer was death. The punishment for striking an officer—for whatever reason—was death. The punishment for killing an officer—as the result of any physical provocation whatsoever, let alone a verbal one as in this case—was death.

Mr. Dow invokes literature, which supposedly "wallows in ambiguity," to get around the plain facts of the case. There are, to be sure, tremendous moral and spiritual perplexities in *Billy Budd*: these, rather than any legal complexity, are the source of Captain Vere's distress. But in typical law-and-literature movement fashion, Mr. Dow is interested in casting doubt upon the law. The political radicals he objects to being lumped with have a good reason for doing the same thing, since to undermine the law is to undermine the system they would overthrow. Mr. Dow's letter indicates that he has joined them in their game, yet in effect wants an asterisk next to his name on the scorecard. Very well. Let it be understood that although one David R. Dow admits to being a player on the law-and-literature-movement team, he regards it as "misleading" for anyone to say so in print.

I did not "merge law and literature into critical legal studies," as Richard H. Weisberg claims. Mr. Dow, who does not like my comparison any better than Mr. Weisberg does, puts it correctly when he says I treated the two movements as "related." Yet Mr. Weisberg's strenuous disclaimers about his intentions, in which he disingenuously describes himself as standing for belief in law and as a searcher after "those values that . . . tend to promote it," reveals an even closer correlation than I claimed with critical-legal-studies' assault on the law.

Mr. Weisberg would have it that he is concerned lest the readers of COMMENTARY be misled into thinking that he ever denigrated the law or attributed its shortcomings to anything resembling "capitalist ideology" (a term used by Richard Posner in his book). By his account, he is engaged instead in a benign and humanistic inquiry into "the *manner* in which laws are applied to specific cases by people whose private values are askew." Yet in his book, *The Failure of the Word*, Mr. Weisberg concludes that Dostoevsky, Flaubert, Melville, and Camus demonstrate the law to be part of a "bankrupt moral system which had, after nearly two millennia, brought the mainstream of Western culture to and over the brink." So much for the claim that law and literature nobly "reject[s] the simplistic critical assertion that 'law' is universally corrupt."

At first sight Mr. Weisberg does appear to blame the sorry pass to which law has come on particular individuals. "As in other great depictions of the legal process," he writes in his book, "the trial of Billy Budd parodies the seeming orderliness of criminal law by revealing it to be an instrument in the service of the 'protectively secretive' passion of the prosecuting authority." Yet why does it keep happening that "the prosecuting authority" is able to subvert the law to serve his "secret passion"? Because of "the values of people in power," a subject that, Mr. Weisberg's letter tells us, "law and literature rigorously insists" on making the center of its "inquiry." The result of this inquiry is the revelation that "people in power" twist the law to serve their pathological needs and in the process oppress "morally correct but nonconforming individuals and beliefs."

"The task of our movement," Mr. Weisberg writes, "is in part to respond to the cold, but still heavily value-imbued, microeconomic system currently dominating academic and even adjudicatory law." Individuals, then, turn out not to be his concern, after all. He protests that the questions he raises have "nothing to do with 'capitalist ideology,'" but "microeconomic system" is a virtual synonym for that term. In other words, law and literature employs a class analysis.

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The Campus: "An Island of Repression In a Sea of Freedom"

Chester E. Finn, Jr.

Two weeks before the Supreme Court held that the First Amendment protects one's right to burn the flag, the regents of the University of Wisconsin decreed that students on their twelve campuses no longer possess the right to say anything ugly to or about one another. Though depicted as an anti-discrimination measure, this revision of the student-conduct code declares that "certain types of expressive behavior directed at individuals and intended to demean and to create a hostile environment for education or other university-authorized activities would be prohibited and made subject to disciplinary sanctions." Penalties range from written warnings to expulsion.

Several months earlier, the University of Michigan adopted a six-page "anti-bias code" that provides for punishment of students who engage in conduct that "stigmatizes or victimizes an individual on the basis of race, ethnicity, religion, sex, sexual orientation, creed, national origin, ancestry, age, marital status, handicap, or Vietnam-era veteran status." (Presumably this last bizarre provision applies whether the "victim" is labeled a war hero or a draft dodger.)

Nor are Wisconsin and Michigan the only state universities to have gone this route. In June, the higher-education regents of Massachusetts prohibited "racism, anti-Semitism, ethnic, cultural, and religious intolerance" on their 27 campuses. A kindred regulation took effect on July 1 at the Chapel Hill campus of the University of North Carolina. And in place for some time at the law school of the State University of New York at Buffalo has been the practice of noting a student's use of racist language on his academic record and alerting prospective employers and the bar association.

Not to be outdone by the huge state schools, a number of private universities, like Emory in Atlanta and Stanford in California, have also made efforts to regulate unpleasant discourse and what the National Education Association terms "ethnoviolence," a comprehensive neologism that includes "acts of insensitivity."

Proponents of such measures are straightforward about their intentions. Says University of Wisconsin President Kenneth Shaw of the new rule: "It can particularly send a message to minority students that the board and its administration do care." Comments Emory's director of equal opportunity: "We just wanted to ensure that at a time when other universities were having problems that we made it clear that we wouldn't tolerate graffiti on walls or comments in classes." And in Massachusetts, the regents concluded that "There must be a unity and cohesion in the diversity which we seek to achieve, thereby creating an atmosphere of pluralism."

This "pluralism" is not to be confused with the version endorsed by the First Amendment. Elsewhere we are expected, like it or not, to attend to what Justice Brennan calls the "bedrock principle . . . that the government may not prohibit the expression of an idea simply because society finds the idea itself offensive or disagreeable." Not so for those running universities. "What we are proposing is not completely in line with the First Amendment," a leader of Stanford's student government has acknowledged to a reporter, but "I'm nor sure it should be. We . . . are trying to set a standard different from what society at large is trying to accomplish." Explains the Emory official: "I don't believe freedom of speech on campus was designed to allow people to demean others on campus." And a Stanford law professor contends that "racial epithets and sexually haranguing speech silences rather than furthers discussion."

Disregard the hubris and the sanctimony. Academics and their youthful apprentices have long viewed their own institutions and causes as nobler than the workaday world and humdrum pursuits of ordinary mortals. Forget, too, the manifest evidence of what some of the nation's most esteemed universities are teaching their students about basic civics. Consider only the two large issues that these developments pose, each freighted with a hefty burden of irony.

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The first can still evoke a wry smile. We are, after all, seeing students pleading for controls to be imposed on campus behavior in the name of decency and morality. Yet these same students would be outraged if their colleges and universities were once again to function *in loco parentis* by constraining personal liberty in any other way. What is more, faculties, administrators, and trustees are complying with the student demands; they are adopting and—one must assume—enforcing these behavior codes. By and large, these are the same campuses that have long since shrugged off any serious responsibility for student conduct with respect to alcohol, drugs, and promiscuity (indeed, have cheerily collaborated in making the last of these behaviors more heedless by installing condom dispensers in the dorms). These are colleges that do not oblige anyone to attend class regularly, to exercise in the gym, to drive safely, or to eat a balanced diet. A student may do anything he likes with or to his fellow students, it appears, including things that are indisputably illegal, unhealthy, and dangerous for everyone concerned, and the university turns a blind eye. But a student may not, under any circumstances, speak ill of another student's origins, inclinations, or appearance.

The larger—and not the least bit amusing—issue is, of course, the matter of freedom of expression and efforts to limit it. That the emotionally charged flag-burning decision emerged from the Supreme Court the same month as authorities in China shot hundreds of students (and others) demonstrating for democracy in the streets of Beijing is as stark an illustration as one will ever see of the gravity and passion embedded in every aspect of this question.

In the Western world, the university has historically been the locus of the freest expression to be found anywhere. One might say that the precepts embodied in the First Amendment have applied there with exceptional clarity, and long before they were vouchsafed in other areas of society. For while private colleges are not formally bound by the Bill of Rights, they, like their public-sector counterparts, are heirs to an even older tradition. The campus was a sanctuary in which knowledge and truth might be pursued—and imparted—with impunity, no matter how unpopular, distasteful, or politically heterodox the process might sometimes be. That is the essence of academic freedom and it is the only truly significant distinction between the universities of the democracies and those operating under totalitarian regimes. Wretched though the food and lodging are for students on Chinese campuses, these were not the provocations that made martyrs in Tiananmen Square. It was the idea of freedom that stirred China's students and professors (and millions of others, as well). And it was the fear of allowing such ideas to take root that prompted the government's brutal response.

Having enjoyed almost untrammeled freedom of thought and expression for three and a half centuries, and having vigorously and, for the most part, successfully fended off efforts by outsiders (state legislators and congressional subcommittees, big donors, influential alumni, etc.) to constrain that freedom, American colleges and universities are now muzzling themselves. The anti-discrimination and anti-harassment rules being adopted will delimit what can be said and done on campus. Inevitably, this must govern what can be taught and written in lab, library, and lecture hall, as well as the sordid antics of fraternity houses and the crude nastiness of inebriated teenagers. ("The calls for a ban on 'harassment by vilification' reached a peak last fall" at Stanford, explained the New York *Times*, "after two drunken freshmen turned a symphony recruiting poster into a black-face caricature of Beethoven and posted it near a black student's room.")

Constraints on free expression and open inquiry do not, of course, depend on the adoption of a formal code of conduct. Guest speakers with controversial views have for some years now risked being harassed, heckled, even shouted down by hostile campus audiences, just as scholars engaging in certain forms of research, treading into sensitive topics, or reaching unwelcome conclusions have risked calumny from academic "colleagues." More recently, students have begun to monitor their professors and to take action if what is said in class irks or offends them.

Thus, at Harvard Law School this past spring, Bonnie Savage, the aptly-named leader of the Harvard Women's Law Association (HWLA), sent professor Ian Macneil a multicount allegation of sexism in his course on contracts. The first offense cited was Macneil's quoting (on page 963 of his textbook) Byron's well-known line, "And whispering, 'I will ne'er consent,'—consented." This, and much else that he had said and written, the HWLA found objectionable. "A professor in any position at any school," Savage pronounced, "has no right or privilege to use the classroom in such a way as to offend, at the very least, 40 percent of the students. . . ."

This was no private communication. Savage dispatched copies to sundry deans and the chairman of the faculty-appointments committee because, she later explained, "We thought he might be considered for tenure." The whole affair, Macneil responded in the *Harvard Law Record*, was "shoddy, unlawyerlike, reminiscent of Senator McCarthy, and entirely consistent with HWLA's prior conduct." As for the Byron passage, it "is in fact a perfect summary of what happens in the Battle of Forms" (a part of the contract-making process).

Macneil is not the only Harvard professor to have been given a hard time in recent years for writing or uttering words that upset students,

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however well-suited they might be to the lesson at hand. Not long ago, the historian Stephan Thernstrom was accused by a student vigilante of such classroom errors as "read[ing] aloud from white plantation owners' journals 'without also giving the slaves' point of view.'" Episodes of this kind, says Thernstrom, serve to discourage him and other scholars from even teaching courses on topics that bear on race and ethnicity.*

Nor is Harvard the only major university where student allegations, unremonstrated by the administration, have produced such a result. At Michigan last fall, the distinguished demographer, Reynolds Farley, was teaching an undergraduate course in "race and cultural contact," as he had done for the previous ten years, when a column appeared in the Michigan *Daily* alleging racial insensitivity on his part, citing—wholly out of context, of course—half a dozen so-called examples, and demanding that the sociology department make amends. Farley was not amused and, rather than invite more unjust attacks, is discontinuing the course. Consequently 50 to 125 Michigan students a year will be deprived of the opportunity to examine issues of ethnicity and the history of race relations in America under the tutelage of this world-class scholar. And to make matters even worse, Farley notes that several faculty colleagues have mentioned that they are dropping any discussion of various important race-related issues from their courses, lest similar treatment befall them.

This might seem perverse, not least from the standpoint of "aggrieved" students and their faculty mentors, because another of their major goals is to oblige everyone to take more courses on precisely these topics. "I would like to see colleges engage all incoming students in mandatory racial-education programs," writes William Damon, professor of psychology and chairman of the education department at Clark University, in the *Chronicle of Higher Education*. And his call is being answered on a growing number of campuses, including the state colleges of Massachusetts, the University of Wisconsin, and the University of California at Berkeley.

Ironies abound here, too, since the faculties and governing boards adopting these course requirements are generally the very bodies that resist any suggestion of a "core curriculum" or tight "distribution requirements" on the ground that diverse student preferences should be accommodated and that, in any case, there are no disciplines, writings, or ideas of such general importance that everyone should be obliged to study them. Curricular relativism can be suspended, though, when "pluralism" is itself the subject to be studied. "It is important to make such programs mandatory," Professor Damon explains, "so that they can reach students who otherwise might not be inclined to participate."

Save for the hypocrisy, this may appear at first glance to be part of an ancient and legitimate function of college faculties: deciding what subjects are of sufficient moment as to require students to examine them. If a particular university has its curricular priorities askew, requiring the study of racism rather than, say, mathematics, one can presumably enroll elsewhere (there being about 3,400 institutions to choose from).

A second glance is in order, however, before conceding legitimacy. What is commonly sought in these required courses, and the non-credit counterparts that abound on campuses where they have not yet entered the formal curriculum, is not open inquiry but, rather, a form of attitude adjustment, even ideological indoctrination. Thus Professor Damon:

> Such programs should emphasize discussions in which trained instructors explore students' beliefs concerning racial diversity and its societal implications. . . . They should cover, and *provide clear justification for, any racially or ethnically sensitive admissions or hiring criteria* that students may see on campus. [Emphasis added]

Along similar lines, the Massachusetts regents insist that each campus provide "a program of educational activities designed to enlighten faculty, administrators, staff and students with regard to . . . ways in which the dominant society manifests and perpetuates racism." So, too, the Berkeley academic senate last year voted (227 to 194) to begin requiring all undergraduates to sign up for new courses in "American cultures" in which they will explore questions like, "How have power relations between groups been manifested in such matters as racism, economics, politics, environmental design, religion, education, law, business, and the arts in the United States?"

In response to Professor Damon's description of the instructional goals of the mandatory course he is urging, Harvard's Thernstrom wrote in a letter to the *Chronicle of Higher Education:*

> Justification? Is that what educators are supposed to provide? For "any" criteria that omniscient administrators choose to adopt? . . . How about a mandatory course providing "a clear justification" for American foreign policy since 1945? Or one justifying the Reagan administration's domestic policies? . . . True, Professor Damon declares that such courses should "avoid preaching and indoctrination," but it seems to me that providing "justification" for highly controversial social programs cannot be anything but indoctrination.

Whether this bleak assessment will prove accurate hinges in large part on who ends up teaching these courses and the intellectual norms to which

* See "A New Racism on Campus?" by Thomas Short, COMMENTARY, August 1988.

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they hew. With scholars of the stature of Farley and Thernstrom already deterred—coerced into self-censorship—it is likely that colleges will enlist as instructors people who agree that the purpose of these "education" efforts is more political than intellectual. Such individuals are not hard to find in the curricular domain now known as "cultural studies." In this field, acknowledged Professor Donald Lazere at the 1988 conference of the Modern Language Association (MLA), "politics are obviously central." Indeed, the agenda of the field itself was defined by Richard Johnson, an Englishman who is one of its leading figures, as

> a series of critiques of innocent-sounding categories or innocent-sounding practices, obviously culture, and art and literature, but also communication, and consumption, entertainment, education, leisure, style, the family, femininity and masculinity, and sexuality and pleasure, and, of course, the most objective-sounding, neutral-sounding categories of all, knowledge and science.

It is not far from MLA discussions to campus staffing decisions. Here is how the historian Alan C. Kors of the University of Pennsylvania describes the organization of a dorm-based program to educate students at his institution about "racism, sexism, and homophobia":

> [W]hat the administration has done, in fact, is turn this education of the students over to ideologically-conscious groups with ideological and political agendas, namely, the "Women's Center" and the Office of Affirmative Action. . . . These are people who have been granted, in effect, to use a term they like, the "privileged ideological position" on campus. Now the notion that the Penn Women's Center speaks for Penn women is absurd, since it obviously doesn't speak for more than a very small minority of a diverse, individuated female population. . . . But the university's administration has an easy way of buying off certain pressure groups, and it consists of giving those in possession of privileged ideologies the responsibility for reeducating students and faculty with improper attitudes. As a result, you really have the foundations of a University of Beijing in Philadelphia.

These additions to the formal and informal curricula of American colleges and universities, like the behavior codes and anti-harassment policies the institutions are embracing, are invariably promulgated in the name of enhancing "diversity" on campus. That has become the chief purpose of present-day affirmative-action hiring and admissions policies, too. It has, after all, been a while since one could observe prospective students or instructors turned away in any numbers at the campus gates because they were women or minority-group members or because of their religion or handicap. The one exception in recent years has been Asian students, whose dazzling academic performance led some universities to impose admission quotas lest this group become "overrepresented" in the student body. Asians, in fact, recently won a victory at Berkeley, when the chancellor apologized for admissions policies that had held down their numbers and announced a new one. The changes include raising from 40 to 50 percent the fraction of Berkeley undergraduates who will be admitted on the basis of academic merit alone; the other half must be "underrepresented minorities." (The likely impact of this new policy will be to maintain the enrollment shares of black and Hispanic students, to boost the numbers of Asians admitted, and to cause a drop in white matriculants, who plainly will not make it as a minority and who may be trounced by the Asians in the merit competition.)

With these few exceptions, however, affirmative action in the late 80's has nothing to do with invidious discrimination on grounds of race, gender, etc. Most colleges and universities would kill for more blacks and Hispanics in their student bodies and for more of the same minorities, as well as more women, in their faculties. (The only reason they are not equally eager for additional female *students* is that women today constitute a clear majority of the nation's 12.8 million higher-education enrollees.) "Diversity," then, is now the goal.

That we have generally grown used to this in matters of campus admission and employment does not mean that the academy lacks the capacity to surprise and dismay. These days that capacity usually entails a faculty-hiring decision where the race or gender or ideology of the candidate is entangled with his academic specialty. In recent months, I have run into several outstanding young (white male) political scientists who are finding it impossible to land tenure-track teaching posts at medium- and high-status colleges because, as one of them wryly explained to me, their scholarly strengths lie in the study of "DWEMs." When I confessed ignorance of the acronym, he patiently explained that it stands for "Dead White European Males." Had they specialized in revolutionary ideologies, the politics of feminism and racism, or trendy quantitative social-science methodologies, they could perhaps have transcended their inconvenient gender and mundane color and have a reasonable shot at academic employment. But to spend one's hours with the likes of Aristotle, Machiavelli, Hobbes, and Burke is to have nothing very important to offer a political-science department today, whatever one's intellectual and pedagogical accomplishments.

One can, by contrast, get wooed by the largest and most prestigious of academic departments, no matter how repugnant one's own views, provided that one offers the right blend of personal traits and intellectual enthusiasms. Richard Abowitz

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recently recounted the efforts by the University of Wisconsin to attract June Jordan, a radical black activist (and poet), from Stony Brook to Madison.* After examining her writings and orations spanning the previous fifteen years, Abowitz concluded that, if Jordan remained true to form, "her courses at the University of Wisconsin would do nothing more than propagate the crudest forms of social, political, and economic prejudice," exactly the attitudes that the university has dedicated itself to wiping out through such measures as the new student conduct code. Yet with but a single abstention, Madison's English department voted unanimously to offer her a tenured position with a generous salary. (Berkeley's offer must have been even more attractive, for that is where Jordan now teaches.)

Esoteric forms of affirmative action are by no means confined to the professoriate. Last year the editors of the *Columbia Law Review* adopted a new "diversity" program that will reserve special slots on the editorial board for individuals who qualify by virtue of their race, physical handicap, or sexual orientation. Law-review boards, of course, have customarily been meritocracies, with membership gained through outstanding academic achievement. With Columbia in the lead, one must suppose this will no longer be the rule even though, the New York *Post* commented, "No one has yet stepped forward . . . to explain why sexual orientation, for instance, would keep a student from performing well enough in law school to compete for the law review on the same basis as everyone else."

DIVERSITY and tolerance, evenhandedly applied, are estimable precepts. But that is not how they are construed in the academy today. Nor do the narrowing limits on free expression lead only to penalties for individuals who engage in "biased" talk or "hostile" behavior. They also leave little room for opinion that deviates from campus political norms or for grievances from unexpected directions. During Harvard's race-awareness week last spring, when a white student dared to complain that she had experienced "minority ethnocentrism" on campus—black and Hispanic students, it seems, often ignored her—she was given short shrift and no sympathy by the speaker (who had already suggested that Harvard and Dartmouth were "genocidal" institutions).

More commonly, however, it is rambunctious student newspapers and magazines that get into trouble with academic authorities for printing something that contravenes the conventional wisdom. Given the predominant campus climate, it is not surprising that these are often publications with a moderate or Right-of-Center orientation. Sometimes, clearly, they do mischievous, stupid, and offensive things, but for such things the degree of toleration in higher education seems to vary with the ideology of the perpetrator. (Acts of discrimination and oppression based on political views, it should be observed, are *not* among the categories proscribed in the new codes of behavior.) In addition to a much-reported sequence of events at Dartmouth, there have been recent efforts to censor or suppress student publications, and sometimes to discipline their staff members, at Brown, Berkeley, UCLA, Vassar, and California State University at Northridge.

The last of these prompted one of the most extraordinary media events of 1989, a joint press conference on May 16 featuring—no one could have made this up—former Attorney General Edwin Meese III and the director of the Washington office of the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU), Morton Halperin. What brought them together was shared outrage over what Halperin termed the "double standard" on campus. "Our position," he reminded the attending journalists, "is that there is an absolute right to express views even if others find those views repugnant." He could cite numerous instances, he said, where campus authorities were making life difficult for outspoken conservative students, yet could find "no cases where universities discipline students for views or opinions on the Left, or for racist comments against non-minorities."

Meese, not surprisingly, concurred, as did James Taranto, the former Northridge student journalist whose lawsuit settlement afforded the specific occasion for the press conference. In 1987, Taranto, then news editor of his campus paper, had written a column faulting UCLA officials for suspending a student editor who had published a cartoon mocking affirmative action. Taranto reproduced the offending cartoon in the Northridge paper, whereupon its faculty adviser suspended *him* from his position for two weeks because he had printed "controversial" material without her permission. The ACLU agreed to represent him in a First Amendment suit—"We were as outraged as he was by the attempt to censor the press," Halperin recalled—and two years later a settlement was reached.

While we are accumulating ironies, let it be noted that the ACLU, the selfsame organization in which Michael Dukakis's "card-carrying membership" yielded George Bush considerable mileage in the 1988 election campaign, has been conspicuously more vigilant and outspoken about campus assaults on free expression in 1989 than has the Bush administration. The Secretary of Education, Lauro Cavazos (himself a former university president), has been silent. The White House has been mute. During an incident at Brown in May, when an art professor canceled a long-planned screening of the classic film, *Birth*

* See "Revolution by Search Committee," the *New Criterion*, April 1989.

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of a Nation, because the Providence branch of the NAACP had denounced it, the local ACLU affiliate was the only voice raised in dismay. "University officials," declared its executive director, "have now opened the door to numerous pressure groups who may wish to ban from the campus other films that they too deem 'offensive.'" Indeed. A colleague of mine recently revived a long-lapsed membership in the ACLU on the straightforward ground that no other national entity is resisting the spread of attitude-adjustment, censorship, and behavior codes in higher education.

All this would be worrisome enough even if the academy were doing well with respect to actual education for the minority students whose numbers it is so keen to increase and whose sensibilities campus administrators are so touchy about. But that is simply not the case.

Black and Hispanic students are less likely to enroll in college to begin with. This is not because admission offices turn them away—to the contrary—and not because too little student aid is available to help them defray the costs. (In any event, 80 percent of all students attend state institutions, in which tuitions average about $1,200 per year.) The largest reason more minority students do not matriculate is that so many attended wretched elementary and secondary schools in which they took the wrong courses, were poorly taught, had little expected of them, skipped class a lot, never learned much, and may well have dropped out.

Minority youngsters are not, of course, the only victims of our foundering public-education system, but they are the ones whose life prospects are most blighted by it, the ones for whom a solid basic education can make the biggest difference. Academic leaders know this full well, just as they understand that shoddy schools are major producers of ill-prepared college students. Yet for all its protestations and pieties, and notwithstanding its ardor for enhancing "diversity" on campus, the higher-education system has done essentially nothing to strengthen the schools that serve as its feeder institutions. It has not even taken the straightforward steps that are well within its purview—such as a complete overhaul of the education of teachers and principals. It has not reached down into the schools to begin the "admissions-counseling" process with disadvantaged fifth- and sixth-graders. And it most certainly has not made the tough decisions that over time could have a profound influence on the standards of the entire elementary-secondary system, such as announcing well in advance that beginning in, say, 1998 no student will be admitted to college who has not actually attained a specified level of knowledge and skills.

Such strong medicine is resisted with the argument that it must surely be bad for minority youngsters. That has been precisely the response to the NCAA's attempts to curb exploitation of minority athletes by requiring them to meet minimum academic standards in order to play intercollegiate sports or receive athletic scholarships. Georgetown's basketball coach staged a well-publicized one-man "strike" to protest this, claiming that the rules are discriminatory. The NCAA is expected to recant, heedless of the warning by the black tennis champion Arthur Ashe that "Black America stands to lose another generation of our young men unless they are helped to learn as well as play ball."

Getting more adequately prepared students inside the campus gates might also help to boost the egregiously low proportion of minority matriculants who end up with a degree. The college-dropout rate is a problem for everyone, and has been rising over the past decade, but it is manifestly worse for black and Hispanic students. According to the U.S. Department of Education, among the 1980 high-school graduates who immediately enrolled full-time in college, 50 percent of the Asians and 56 percent of the white students earned their bachelor's degrees within five-and-a-half years, but this was true for only 31 percent of black students, and for 33 percent of Hispanics. (For minority *athletes,* the dropout rate is higher still. "It's no secret," Ashe writes, "that 75 percent of black football and basketball players fail to graduate from college.")

One has got to conclude that if the colleges and universities put as much effort into high-quality instruction, vigorous advising, extra tutoring, summer sessions, and other supplementary academic services as they do to combating naughty campus behavior and unkind words—and maximizing fieldhouse revenues—they could make a big dent in these numbers. But, of course, it is easier to adopt a behavior code for students than to alter faculty-time allocations and administration priorities. Symbolic responses to problems are always quicker and less burdensome, at least in the short run, than hard work.

Completing the degree, regrettably, does not end the matter, either. While possessing a college diploma will indisputably help a person get ahead in life even if he is still ignorant and intellectually inept, for a variety of public and private reasons it is desirable that college graduates also be well-educated. For minority graduates, it may be especially important that any plausible grounds for doubt be erased—from the minds of prospective employers, among others—as to the actual intellectual standards that their degrees represent.

Today, unfortunately, one cannot equate the acquisition of a bachelor's degree with possession of substantial knowledge and skills. When the Department of Education examined literacy levels among young adults in 1985, it accumulated data that enable us to glimpse the cognitive attain-

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ments of college graduates, as well as those with less schooling. The good news is that the former had generally attained a higher level than the latter. The bad news is that degree-holders did none too well.

Three scales were used, representing "prose literacy," "document literacy," and "quantitative literacy." At the highest level of the scales, white college graduates were to be found in proportions of 47, 52, and 48 percent, respectively—not really very laudable considering that the intellectual challenges to be mastered at those levels entailed such tasks as discerning the main point of a newspaper column, coping with a bus schedule, and calculating the change due and tip owed on a simple lunch. Among black college graduates, however, these levels were reached by only 18, 11, and 14 percent, respectively. (The number of Hispanic college graduates in the sample was too small for statistical reliability.)

The higher-education system, in short, is awarding a great many diplomas to individuals whose intellectual attainments are meager, even at the end of college, and for minority graduates this is happening so often that the academy may be faulted for massive deception. It is giving people degrees which imply that they have accomplished something they have not in fact achieved. Like driving a new car home from the dealer only to discover that it is a lemon, the owners of such degrees are likely one day to think themselves cheated rather than aided by the hypocrisy and erratic quality control of the academic enterprise. The taxpayers who now underwrite most of that enterprise are apt to feel much the same. Over time this can only diminish the support, the respect, and the allure of higher education itself, as well as further depleting its tiny residuum of moral capital.

Some academic leaders understand this. A few also have the gumption to say it. "The alternatives I see ahead for our higher-education system are reform from without or reform from within," Stephen J. Trachtenberg, the new president of George Washington University, predicted in a recent address to the American Association of University Administrators. "The present situation cannot hold because too many Americans are coming to regard it as incompatible with ethics, values, and moral imperatives."

Reform from within would surely be preferable. It nearly always is. But in 1989 the most prominent forms of spontaneous change on many of our high-status college and university campuses are apt instead to exacerbate the gravest problems the academy faces. Creating more complex and onerous rituals as they worship at the altar of "diversity," they concurrently provide the putative beneficiaries of their efforts so feeble an education as to suggest a cynical theology indeed. Meanwhile, in the realms of intellectual inquiry and expression, they permit ever less diversity, turning the campus (in the memorable phrase of civil-rights scholar Abigail Thernstrom) into "an island of repression in a sea of freedom."

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Charging Israel With Original Sin

Shabtai Teveth

A TREND has recently emerged in Israel and elsewhere to rewrite the history of the founding of the Jewish state. The trend has several leading protagonists. One is Avi Shlaim, the author of *Collusion Across the Jordan*,[1] who immigrated from Iraq to Israel as a child, then moved to England, where he lectures at Oxford. Another is Benny Morris, an Israeli journalist who has a doctorate from Cambridge but whose academic qualifications are less than complete—his Arabic does not meet research requirements. Yet Morris's *The Birth of the Palestinian Refugee Problem, 1947-1949*[2] is probably the most influential work to have come out of the revisionist trend so far. There is also Simha Flapan, who before his death in 1987 had served as the director of the Arab department of the left-wing Mapam party and editor of the English-language monthly *New Outlook*; his book, *The Birth of Israel: Myths and Realities*,[3] is, as Morris himself has noted in an essay in *Tikkun*, not a "history" at all but a polemical work written from a Marxist perspective.[4]

In that essay Morris hails the "new historiography," as he calls it, for shattering a number of "myths" about the birth of Israel. Together, these myths make up the "old history":

> The essence of the old history is that Zionism was a beneficent and well-meaning progressive national movement; that Israel was born pure into an uncharitable, predatory world; that Zionist efforts at compromise and conciliation were rejected by the Arabs; and that Palestine's Arabs, and in their wake the surrounding Arab states, for reasons of innate selfishness, xenophobia, and downright cussedness, refused to accede to the burgeoning Zionist presence and in 1947 to 1949 launched a war to extirpate the foreign plant.

Elsewhere in the same essay Morris (summarizing Flapan) enumerates four cardinal points of the "old history":

> (1) That the Yishuv [the Jewish community in Palestine] in 1947 joyously accepted partition and the truncated Jewish state prescribed by the UN General Assembly, and that the Palestinians and the surrounding Arab states rejected partition and attacked the Yishuv with the aim of throwing the Jews into the sea; (2) that the war was waged between a relatively defenseless and weak (Jewish) David and a relatively strong (Arab) Goliath; (3) that the Palestinians fled their homes and villages either voluntarily or at the behest/order of the Arab leaders; and (4) that, at the war's end, Israel was interested in making peace, but the recalcitrant Arabs displayed no such interest, opting for a perpetual—if sporadic—war to the finish.

These, then, are the assumptions which Morris and his fellow revisionists have set out, in his words, to "undermine, if not thoroughly demolish." They have tried to do this, moreover, for a purpose that goes far beyond the academic:

> The new history is one of the signs of a maturing Israel. . . . What is now being written about Israel's past seems to offer us a more balanced and a more "truthful" view of that country's history than what has been offered hitherto. It may also in some obscure way serve the purposes of peace and reconciliation between the warring tribes of that land.

In other words, it is the commitment to the "purposes of peace" that determines eligibility in this new historical club. And what are the "purposes of peace"? While Morris does not attempt to define them, it would appear that one of their essentials is a sympathy somewhat inclined to the side of the Palestinians. Another, therefore, is the desire to delegitimize Zionism:

> How one perceives 1948 bears heavily on how one perceives the whole Zionist/Israeli experience. If Israel . . . was born pure and innocent, then it was worthy of the grace, material assistance, and political support showered upon it by the West over the past forty years—and worthy of more of the same in years to come. If, on the other hand, Israel was born tarnished,

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[1] Columbia University Press, 676 pp., $42.50.
[2] Cambridge University Press, 380 pp., $39.50.
[3] Pantheon, 288 pp., $18.95.
[4] Still another revisionist historian is Ilan Pappe, the only one of the group to have studied Middle Eastern history (at Jerusalem), and to teach it (at Haifa). His book is titled *Britain and the Arab-Israel Conflict* (Macmillan/St. Anthony, England).

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besmirched by original sin, then it was no more deserving of that grace and assistance than were its neighbors.

The terms "born pure" and "original sin," touching as they do on Christian sensibilities, can hardly be accidental in this all-but-explicit appeal for worldwide censure of the Jewish state.

But what, precisely, *is* the original sin? For both Shlaim and Morris, who are the more important of the "new" historians, and to whose work we shall shortly turn, it is the denial to the Palestinian Arabs of a country and a national identity. Shlaim professes to demonstrate that even prior to the 1947 UN resolution calling for the establishment of two states in Palestine, the leaders of the Yishuv had, through a "collusion" with King Abdullah of Jordan, sealed the fate of the prospective Palestinian Arab state. Morris seeks to prove that Israel, by preventing the return of Palestinian Arabs who fled or were expelled in 1948, is therefore to blame for creating the refugee problem. As it happens, both claims as stated are false.

BEFORE examining the specific theses of Shlaim and Morris, a few general observations are in order.

First, the "new historiography" is not new. The notion of a historical original sin—the dispossession of Palestine's Arabs—is as old as Zionism itself. In 1930 it formed the backbone of a White Paper offered by the British Colonial Secretary, Lord Passfield. It has also been a staple of intra-Jewish politics since the beginning of the century, when it was raised by the anti-Zionist Bund. Of particular note in this regard is a trenchant attack published in 1915 in the New York *Jewish Daily Forward* under the headline, "The Jewish Colonies in the Land of Israel Are Built Upon the Misfortunes of the Arabs." According to the author, the Arabs were merely engaged in a "tenacious, systematic, and prolonged national war against the Jews who want to oust them from their land."

Secondly, the "new historiography" rests in part on defective evidence, and is characterized by serious professional flaws. Thus, testimony has been drawn from Israeli, British, and American primary sources but in no case from Arab primary sources, since Arab states do not permit access to archival material in the Western manner. *Collusion Across the Jordan* "became possible," Avi Shlaim explains, "following the release of the official documents for research in British, American, and Israeli archives"; he does not even mention the absence of source material from across the Jordan. Morris, for his part, acknowledges honestly that the "continued unavailability" of Arab state papers and the virtual nonexistence of Palestinian state papers "leaves the historian burdened by a major problem," but nevertheless avers that he has done his best "to reduce the 'area of darkness' . . . by integrating the Arab 'side' through culling heavily from Jewish and Israeli intelligence reports and from British and American diplomatic dispatches . . . which go a long way toward filling out the picture. . . ." Yet how it is possible to determine on the basis of Israeli documents the nature and contents of missing Arab documents remains a mystery.

If their research is incomplete, Morris and Shlaim also ignore essential facts and background material necessary to a proper understanding of the historical scene. It is, for example, impossible to describe Israel's War of Independence, and the flight and expulsion of Palestine's Arabs, without taking into account the tripartite struggle among Jews, Arabs, and British that had racked the country for the previous three decades. The important landmarks in this struggle were the Arab riots of 1929 and 1936-39, the Peel Plan of 1937, the White Paper of May 1939 and the Land Ordinance of early 1941, the efforts of the Yishuv to increase immigration and settlement, and, beyond all these, the Holocaust. Yet these matters are invoked by our authors, and then just barely, as if they were a set of technical specifications. What we have here is not only a case of historical foreshortening but an attempt to disconnect the birth of the state of Israel from the experience and tribulations of the Jewish people at large.

Nor does either of the two historians make an effort to understand the deep effect the earlier phases of the struggle produced on Jewish-Arab relations in Palestine, and particularly during the year 1948. They do not look around them; like a hunter adjusting his sights, they close one eye and narrow the other, oblivious of their surroundings, and blind beyond the ends of their noses. The method may work for target shooting, but it is hardly the way of the responsible historian.

If, finally, we may liken a historical study to a large lake, then the successful historian is one who can cross this watery expanse without getting wet. This he does by building a solid bridge whose pylons are constructed of evidence strong enough to support the span of interpretation. At times, indeed, the "new" historians appear to be crossing just such a bridge, but then we find that a quarter or a third of the way across the lake their bridge comes to an abrupt end. The only way to reach the far shore (absent an intention of walking across the waters) is to leap into the air and hope to glide home. The tendency to glide over and beyond the sources is common to both these "new" historians.

II

IN *Collusion Across the Jordan*, Avi Shlaim maintains that in 1947 a secret agreement was entered into by King Abdullah of Jordan and the Jewish Agency Executive (JAE) in Jerusalem. Meant to become operative at the end of the British Mandate over Palestine, it would deceive the Arabs, cheat them out of their proposed Palestinian state, and divide its prospective area between Jordan and the future Jewish state. Thanks to this agreement, the two parties re-

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frained from fighting each other during the 1948 war, and collaborated immediately thereafter to rob the Palestinians permanently of their intended country.

This, in Shlaim's view, was an imperialist collusion *par excellence*—and certainly so on the part of the Jews. During the period of Ottoman rule, he writes, Palestine was inhabited by nearly 500,000 Arabs and some 50,000 Jews, and the Arabs owned 99 percent of the land. "But, in keeping with the spirit of European imperialism, the Jews did not allow these local realities to stand in the way of their national aspirations." From the very start, the aim of the Zionist leaders was a Jewish state in Palestine, and the methods they employed to achieve it "included bribery, deception, coercion, and physical force." Of course, being smart politicians, they "tried to project an image of reasonableness and moderation and proposed numerous compromise plans for the dispute with the Palestine Arabs." Yet during the half-century that elapsed between the First Zionist Congress in Basel in 1897 and the establishment of Israel in 1948, "the emphasis gradually shifted from persuasion to coercion, from the peaceful to the violent end of the spectrum." With the establishment of Israel, a state resting on "superior armed forces," the true face of Zionism was exposed.

Shlaim apparently does not know that in Zionist political thinking, a state was consistently perceived as a means rather than an end: a sovereign Jewish state, it was thought, would be better positioned than any alternative arrangement to gather the beleaguered Jewish people into their homeland. Nor does Shlaim take note of the permutations undergone by the state-idea until, with the Holocaust, it became clear that the Zionist end could not be achieved *except* by means of a state.

This failure of understanding becomes particularly salient when Shlaim relates that in 1934 David Ben-Gurion, the heroic Zionist figure later to be Israel's first Prime Minister, "concentrated his formidable energies on the acceleration of Jewish immigration to Palestine but, recognizing that his movement faced a strong Arab national movement, he initiated talks with Arab leaders" to see if a common platform for the aspirations of the two national movements could be found. It is true that Ben-Gurion made extensive efforts to meet with Hajj Amin al-Husayni, the Mufti of Jerusalem, despite the latter's notoriety as the initiator of an Arab boycott of the Jews (itself ignored by Shlaim). Proposing the formation of an Arab federation with which a Jewish state would be affiliated, Ben-Gurion hoped to get, in exchange, Arab acquiescence in Jewish immigration from Hitler's Europe. Shlaim does not see the obvious point: that the salvation of Europe's Jews, and not the establishment of a state, was Ben-Gurion's chief priority, and for its sake he was prepared to forgo an independent, sovereign state even as a vision for the distant future.

In assigning to Zionism an innate lust for power and aggression, Shlaim scants or is ignorant of the fears of total destruction which constantly beset the Yishuv. This anxiety grew to a high pitch during the 1929 Arab riots, then subsided, only to rise again during the 1936-1939 Arab revolt. After the outbreak of World War II, it was exacerbated once again by the Mufti's alliance with Hitler. At the time, the high command of the Jewish Defense Forces (the Haganah) doubted whether the Yishuv could, in the event of a British withdrawal, survive the conquest of Palestine by Nazi troops and their Arab allies. These fears reemerged when the Yishuv was attacked by Palestine's Arabs following the UN resolution of November 1947 and again when, on the morrow of its birth, Israel was invaded by the armies of five Arab states.

"In retrospect," Shlaim writes, "the period from 1936 to 1938 can be seen as one of exemplary opportunity and unmitigated failure for the Zionist movement." The putative opportunity was the partition plan put forward in 1937 by the Peel Commission, and the man who missed it was David Ben-Gurion.

Shlaim posits that in 1937 it was possible to establish, under British aegis, two states—Jewish and Arab—and that had this been done history would have followed a different, and much happier, course: the Jews would have been spared the Holocaust, and the Palestinian Arabs would not have had to go into exile; above all, there would have been no need for the JAE-Abdullah "collusion." Yet this benign outcome, in Shlaim's view, was squandered by Ben-Gurion's political maneuvering, which by "inadvertently obstructing [British] parliamentary ratification, and hence [British] government action on the Peel Plan, . . . also provided a breathing space during which the full weight of Arab opposition could make itself felt," thus enabling Britain to retreat from its own initiative.

Here it is not only Arab sources that Shlaim has missed. Had he read the minutes of the Zionist Congress of August 1937, or studied the ancillary documentation in the Central Zionist Archive, he would have learned of the efforts made by Ben-Gurion to persuade his friends and rivals, both before and during the Congress, to *endorse* the Peel Plan. Stranger still is Shlaim's apparent failure to consult the relevant documents in the British Public Record Office, where he would have discovered that both the Woodhead Commission (established ostensibly to flesh out but in reality to jettison the partition plan recommended by the Peel Commission) and the St. James Conference (where the Arabs refused to sit at the same table with the Jews) were nothing but stages in a grandiose exercise in deception, designed by the British to impose immigration restrictions on the Yishuv. Had he opened his eyes, moreover, Shlaim might have understood that it was not Ben-Gurion's "tactics" that generated this policy but rather

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the British government's fear and appeasement of the Arabs.

Where does Shlaim derive his authority for his "new" construction? It rests on a single excerpt from the autobiography of the Zionist leader Nahum Goldmann:

> If there has been a tragedy in the history of Zionism, it is the fact that largely through our fault, partition was not put into effect the first time it was suggested, in 1937. . . . The Zionist movement's attitude toward this first partition plan was a major sin of our generation.

Quite apart from the anomaly of a historian seeking to support a far-reaching conclusion with a single reference, Shlaim distorts his own source. For Goldmann does not blame the "tragedy" on Ben-Gurion, or intimate that the partition plan was obstructed by his "tactics." To the contrary, Goldmann points out that Ben-Gurion, Chaim Weizmann, and the majority in the JAE (including Goldmann himself) supported the Peel Plan. His anger is reserved for those, called at the time "the nay-sayers"—among them Menachem Ussishkin, Berl Katznelson, Louis Brandeis, and Stephen Wise—who fought the Peel Plan from beginning to end.

True, for Goldmann the "small majority expressing willingness to consider the partition plan" came "too late. The aceptance was too vague and the British government itself had begun to waver in the face of Arab categorical rejection." But Goldmann's memory is playing tricks on him here. One might think from his account that the Zionists were given only three weeks, four at the most, in which to make up their minds; obviously, no issue of this magnitude could have been decided upon in so short a time. The fact is that the British government—Goldmann has apparently forgotten the Woodhead Commission—had "begun to waver" all on its own, Zionists or no Zionists.

The Peel Plan is invoked by Shlaim not only to pique Zionism for its "unmitigated failure," but also to establish a link with Abdullah's design to annex Palestine—the axis upon which *Collusion Across the Jordan* revolves. Here Shlaim honors the Woodhead Commission with his only reference to it, not, however, as the undoer of the Peel Plan but rather as the recipient of Abdullah's twelve-point proposal for constituting a United Arab Kingdom in which the Jews would enjoy self-government and representation in proportion to their numbers.

Here, in connection with Abdullah's proposal, the issues of immigration and land for settlement, which were central to Zionism and to the Arab-Jewish conflict over Palestine, make one of their infrequent appearances in Shlaim's work. In the designated Jewish districts (he writes), the Jews were to be permitted a "reasonable" level of immigration; outside those districts, they would have no right to buy land or settle immigrants. There is not a word here about the pressing need for physical rescue, the impact on Zionist consciousness of the suffering of the Diaspora, the fear of annihilation, the Holocaust. Shlaim's eyes and ears are attuned only to the plight of the Arabs and to their complaints against the Jews. Of course, no one blames the Arabs for the death of the six million. Still, it is astounding that Shlaim cannot comprehend the degree to which Jewish attitudes were formed by more than the effects of Arab raids on Jewish settlements and transport. Nor does he appreciate the part played by the Arabs in the British decision to lock the gates of Palestine and thus prevent the rescue of Hitler's victims. The fact is, however, that were it not for the violence of Arab opposition, it is unlikely that the British would have issued the 1939 White Paper, which by locking those gates sealed the fate of so many Jews, or that Whitehall would have launched its all-out war against illegal immigration.

In addition to misunderstanding the existential motives of the Yishuv and of the founders of the Jewish state, Shlaim has also missed the motives and considerations of Abdullah. On November 17, 1947, a meeting took place between Abdullah and Golda Meir. Neither side made any substantial commitment, and both were left with a large degree of freedom of action. A second meeting was held on May 11, 1948, just prior to Israel's declaration of statehood, and it reinforced yet further the two parties' respective freedom of action.

The purpose of Mrs. Meir's first talk with Abdullah in November was to try to persuade him not to attack the nascent Jewish state. This, for Shlaim, is the main evidence of "collusion." Yet several facts cut against such a reading. First, at the time of the November meeting, which occurred before the UN partition resolution, it was inconceivable that the future Jewish state would be able freely to dispose of territories destined for the Arab state, or prevent the entry into them of Arab armies. Second, the Arab Legion was deployed throughout Palestine; Abdullah had no need of a green light from the JAE in order to enter territory destined for the Arab state, for he already occupied that territory. Third, as early as January 1948, key leaders of the Palestinian Arabs, including the mayors of Gaza, Hebron, Nablus, Jenin, and Tulkarm, asked to be taken under Abdullah's wing. Finally, had the Arabs sought then to realize the UN partition resolution in full, and had they directed their efforts toward establishing an Arab state, it would not have been within the capacity of the newly born Israeli state to prevent them, even had it wished to do so.

The implication of Shlaim's argument is that in order not to be accused of "collusion," Israel would have had to fight not only for its own existence, but also for that of the proposed Arab state. Was this indeed Israel's political and moral obligation?

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Any conspiracy to divide the territory of the future Arab state would have been conditioned on an agreement of nonaggression—a possibility that never existed for the two parties, Israel and Jordan. Prior to the war, when the balance of forces was uncertain, Abdullah's Arab Legion aroused the worst of Jewish apprehensions, and the Yishuv wanted to avoid combat in order to save lives. Abdullah too wanted to avoid losses, as the Legion had no reserves. The King preferred to wait on events, hoping that the Jews would expend their strength in battles with the other Arab armies and so allow him to consolidate his gains. Were the Arab archives ever to be opened, we might discover what Abdullah really intended to do with the Jews in the event of an Arab victory: keep his promises to Golda Meir and award them with autonomy and representation in parliament, as Shlaim is convinced, or deal with them far more harshly, as many Jews feared at the time.

These fears themselves are proof that the Yishuv would hardly have put its faith in a deal with the King. Ben-Gurion, for one, never trusted Abdullah. Once his confidence in Israel's military abilities was bolstered with the improving fortunes of war, and as the Legion seemed to pose less of a threat, he proposed to the Provisional Government (on September 26, 1948) an effort to dislodge Jordan from its holds in Samaria. But a cabinet majority, worried that Britain would then rush to Jordan's side, rejected Ben-Gurion's motion, in an action he termed "a setback for generations." Some evidence of collusion.

Clearly, Israel and Jordan did maintain a dialogue, but at most theirs was an understanding of convenience, in which each side had a fairly good appraisal of the goals and the "red lines" of the other. There was nothing in such an understanding to suggest a collusion designed to deceive a third party, in this case the Palestinian Arabs.

In any case, only if one could show that the Palestinian Arabs had accepted partition from the outset would a charge of collusion against them become credible. But the Palestinian Arabs and their leadership, with the Mufti at the head, flatly rejected partition and a Jewish state. This left Israel with two choices: either take control of all of mandatory Palestine or, alternatively, acquiesce in the control of the Arab sections by the party which came closest to accepting the Jewish state—i.e., Abdullah.

III

WITHOUT doubt, Benny Morris's *The Birth of the Palestinian Refugee Problem* is the centerpiece of the "new" historiography. His main concern is the Arab exodus in 1948, the repercussions of which are felt today more than ever. And a fairminded reader cannot but accept his overall conclusion: both Arabs and Jews are to blame for it. But as such a fairminded reader soon discovers, under the guise of even-handedness Morris unfolds a grave indictment of one party alone, namely, Israel. It is this, perhaps, that has won him the approval of apologists for the PLO like Edward Said: in *al-Majalla* (October 28, 1988), Said wrote that Morris's book

> undermines the existing notion that it was Arab policy which encouraged the Palestinians to leave their country, emphasizing that it was a sequence of Zionist terror and Israeli expulsion that were behind the birth of the Palestinian refugee problem.

Morris's purpose becomes patently clear in his periodization. It is common to divide the events under discussion into two phases: from late 1947 up to the establishment of Israel on May 14, 1948, and from then until the spring of 1949. This makes sense not only from the political but from the military point of view. Before the invasion of Palestine on May 15 by the five Arab armies, the conflict was essentially a civil war, fought between Jewish and Arab militias; following the invasion, Israel's conscript army—the Israel Defense Forces (IDF)—confronted the forces of Egypt, Jordan, Iraq, Syria, and Lebanon in battles involving infantry, artillery, armor, as well as air and naval power.

Such a breakdown highlights as well a change in Jewish attitude: before the invasion the Palestinian Arabs were seen, for the most part, as citizens of a future Jewish state; after it, as declared enemies. Accordingly one may properly speak, in the former period, of an Arab flight, and in the latter of expulsion by Israel.

Morris, however, is loath to accept *any* suggestion that the Palestinian Arabs fled voluntarily or by order of their leaders, or that, when Israel expelled them, it did so because they were enemies whose interests lay in abetting the invading Arab armies. Therefore, he offers his own, idiosyncratic division of the Arab exodus into four "waves": (1) December 1947-March 1948; (2) April-June 1948; (3) July 9-18 and from then to October 15; (4) October-November 1948. A fifth period—November 1948-July 1949—he does not consider a wave but a movement of "expulsion and population transfer."

Except in the case of this final phase, Morris offers no explanation for his periodization. Its tendentious nature is borne out, however, by his own admission that he has found neither a "pattern" nor "patterns" in the Arab flight, and by his insistence that the causes of it were "complex" and "varied." Actually, given Palestine's puny size, this is hardly tenable. How complex or varied could be the causes of flight from the Galilee, for instance, an area which, despite its grandiose designations—Western and Eastern Galilee, Lower and Upper Galilee, and the "panhandle"—covers less than 700 square miles in all?

There is a reason for Morris's failure to discern any "patterns." It absolves him from dealing with a fundamental question: what caused the *first* flight of 75,000 Arabs between December 1947 and March 1948, at a time when the Arabs had the

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upper hand and were assured of good prospects? This first "wave" (in Morris's periodization) remains buried in mystery—just as it was over forty years ago when David Ben-Gurion, after his first visit to Jewish-occupied Jaffa (May 18, 1948), noted in his diary, "I couldn't understand: why did the inhabitants of Jaffa leave?" Morris does not attempt to answer Ben-Gurion's question.

Yet Ben-Gurion, at least, was later to learn the answer; his most succinct formulation of it is to be found in a statement to the Knesset on October 11, 1961:

> The Arabs' exit from Palestine . . . began immediately after the UN [partition] resolution, from the areas earmarked for the Jewish state. And we have explicit documents testifying that they left Palestine following instructions by the Arab leaders, with the Mufti at their head, under the assumption that the invasion of the Arab armies at the expiration of the Mandate would destroy the Jewish state and push all the Jews into the sea, dead or alive.

Now all this, to Morris, as to Simha Flapan in *The Birth of Israel,* is a "myth." Morris in particular attests that in his exhaustive research he has "found no evidence to suggest that the AHC [Palestine's Arab Higher Committee] issued blanket instructions, by radio or otherwise, to Palestine's Arabs to flee." Very neat—the only problem being that neither Ben-Gurion nor anyone else ever spoke of "blanket instructions." What Ben-Gurion spoke of was "explicit documents"—namely, items of Haganah and IDF intelligence brought to the attention of the cabinet. These documents exist in great abundance. From December 1947 to the armed invasion in mid-May 1948, the Arab section of Haganah intelligence—code-named Tene (basket)—provided the general staff and Ben-Gurion with hundreds if not thousands of intelligence reports. Put together they paint a clear picture of an ever-growing migration of Arabs from the designated Jewish state and the bordering areas.

That Morris is familiar with these documents is plain: he uses them extensively in his book, though in a highly biased fashion. Nevertheless, shorn of its bias, Morris's account produces the same picture which emerges from Ben-Gurion's statement. And in both, one phenomenon stands out: more often than not, the flight was led by Palestinian Arab notables, national and local, civilian and military, with the wealthy and senior municipal officeholders as well as members of the AHC and local National Committees (NC's) pointing the way. Furthermore, in every locality where the Arab Liberation Army (ALA) took charge, the evacuation of noncombatants—women, children, and elderly—repeated itself.

The flight of members of the upper and middle classes from the better part of Palestine's Arab towns, which had begun already in December 1947 (as we can gather from Morris), acquired momentum in January-May 1948. The disintegration accelerated in April. Even policemen ran off with their weapons; increasing numbers of officials failed to arrive for work. In Jerusalem, only one out of the seven members of the AHC still remained by January 10. In Haifa, 11 of the 15 members of the local NC had deserted by March 23, nearly a month before the battle for the town reached its peak. The remaining four followed suit shortly thereafter. Acre, Haifa's neighbor, underwent a similar fate.

"It is pathetic to see how the [Jaffa] Arabs have been deserted by their leaders," recorded Palestine's Chief Secretary, Sir Henry Gurney. The High Commissioner, Sir Alan Cunningham, pointing directly to the leaders' flight as a precipitant of the mass exodus, reported on April 26 that the mayor of Jaffa had twelve days earlier gone on "four days' leave" and had not yet returned, and that half the members of the city's NC had also left. By May 5 Cunningham reported that "Nearly all [Jaffa's city] councilors and members of National Committee have fled." Even Morris admits that the steady exodus of the middle and upper classes considerably demoralized the remaining inhabitants and provided a model for their own departure.

Instructions to abandon whole villages or for the evacuation of noncombatants were issued mainly by the AHC, the NC's, officers of Jordan's Arab Legion, and commanders of the ALA and the "irregulars." In several cases such instructions were given by the Mufti of Jerusalem, the acknowledged leader of Palestine's Arabs. Thus, on January 22, he told a delegation of Haifa Arabs "to remove the women and children from the danger areas in order to reduce the number of casualties." In April, the Mufti continued to permit and even to encourage the evacuation of noncombatants from potential combat zones. Characteristic of the atmosphere in which these instructions were given and received was the warning by the Jerusalem NC that resistance to the evacuation order would be seen as "an obstacle to the Holy War [*jihad*] and in the way of the fighters, and would hamper their actions in these neighborhoods."

Among the Tene reports from the period prior to the invasion there is one in particular which lends credence to the idea that the Arabs were fleeing Palestine on the orders of their leaders. On April 24 Tene quoted a "reliable" source:

> Rumors have it that the AHC in Jerusalem ordered the evacuation of Arabs from several localities in Palestine, seeing that Arab governments intend to dispatch tanks and aircraft in great numbers, to bombard all of Palestine's towns, while wishing that their Arab residents remain unhurt. Arab residents are advised to flee Palestine as soon as possible, and *after its fall into the hands of the Arab governments, they will be returned as victors.* [Emphasis added]

The question is not whether the "rumors" were correct, or whether the AHC had actually issued

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orders to this effect—although the fact is that by May 14, the day Israel was established, the major towns of Jaffa, Haifa, Acre, Tiberias, and Safed had indeed been abandoned by their Arab residents. The question, rather, is how Morris, who bases a good deal of his own account on the Tene reports, comes to grips with this evidence. The answer is that he does not. Is the April 24 report unreliable? He does not cite it, not even to shoot it down. In any case, he would not be in a position to check its veracity without conducting a comparative examination in Arab archives—an impossibility, as we have seen.

The "documents," then, present an unmistakable picture: the Arab exodus from Palestine—the flight of the first 75,000, the flight of the leadership, civil and military, the evacuation of noncombatants, and the desertion of the ALA and the "irregulars" by officers and troops alike—was all the work of instruction, whether by personal example, by word of mouth or in writing, or even better, by the quickest telegraph of all, rumor. Having been set so authoritative an example by their leaders, the simple folk did not think twice. In much of the populated areas of Palestine, many an Arab village fell into Haganah hands entirely empty. The Tene reports—the ones we see in Morris's book, as well as the ones we do not—show that in speaking of "explicit documents" testifying to orders by Arab leaders to flee Palestine with the hope of a triumphant return, Ben-Gurion stood on firm ground. Morris's "myth" is to a large degree based on fact.

It is important to bear in mind here that virtually up until the invasion of the five Arab armies on May 15, 1948, the Yishuv leadership was prepared to accept an Arab state in Palestine so long as it did not endanger the Jewish state—in other words, if it accepted the UN partition resolution of November 29, 1947. Indeed, the leadership even accepted an Arab minority of 40 percent *within* the Jewish state as specified in the resolution's border demarcation. Any other approach, it feared, would cause the family of nations to judge the Jews unworthy of a state of their own.

Shlaim and Morris completely ignore all this, no doubt assuming that the Zionists, in their aspiration to conquest and violence, never intended to honor the UN resolution. Yet the sincerity of the Zionists is substantiated in remarks made by the Yishuv leaders before and after the General Assembly vote on partition. At a meeting of the Mapai Secretariat in September 1947, Itzhak Ben-Zvi, chairman of the National Council and later Israel's second President, stated that "upon the establishment of the state we will have to care for 500,000 Arabs within the Jewish state." Eliezer Kaplan, who was to become Israel's first Minister of Finance, argued that "we must . . . [establish] a veritable government. And in it not only the Jews will play a role, but also the Arabs who remain in our part of Palestine, for it is our duty to serve all residents of our area." Levi Eshkol, later Israel's second Minister of Finance and third Prime Minister, readily accepted a proposal to grant the Arabs the right to vote for the Elected Assembly (the former Knesset): "I was glad to hear it said here that the Arabs should take their place in the Assembly. Of this we must remind ourselves day and night, repeat it to our youth and our labor movement, lest we be too quick to start shooting."

As for Ben-Gurion, he noted that "if they [the British] go . . . we will confront the problem of services for the Arabs. It will be of great value if we succeed in arranging services for the Arabs." And he added, as if in anticipation of Shlaim: "If there is a positive UN resolution, a Jewish government will be formed. It will not conquer that part of Palestine in which an Arab state arises . . . nor will it try to take control of Jerusalem and Kfar Etzion." Ben-Gurion believed, indeed, that peace could prevail between the two future states; a mass exodus of Arabs from the Jewish state never occurred to him.

True, Ben-Gurion also realized that without a defensive capability the Jewish state would never come into being. Although for a while he hoped that war could be prevented, by December 1947 he noted regretfully that "the Arab world is beginning to fight the Jewish state, this war has already begun." From intelligence reports he learned that the Mufti had gained control over the Arabs of Palestine, and that there was Arab talk of a "total war." Still he sought to avoid a bloody conflict, preferring a defensive strategy. His key word was "self-restraint." This resulted in limited mobilization, which in mid-December 1947 amounted to only 6,700 new Haganah recruits. It was only with the siege of Jewish Jerusalem in April 1948 and the danger of the city's falling to the Arab Legion that the Haganah, at Ben-Gurion's instigation, moved from the defensive to the offensive.

This background, which is so necessary for understanding the Abdullah-Golda Meir meeting of November 17 and the Yishuv leadership's attitude toward the Arab exodus, is completely missing from the books of Shlaim and Morris. Thus they cannot explain why it took until May 6 for Ben-Gurion to issue the following order: "The Arab Affairs Department is authorized to decide on the removal of any Arab village that obstructs the [defense] plans of the Jewish Yishuv or acts provocatively." For contrary to these historians' claims, *even at this late date* the Yishuv leaders were still assuring the Arab minority of equal rights in the future state, and, no matter how many Arabs had fled, were still far from conceiving of a *mass* exodus.

Here is Ben-Gurion's diary entry of May 1, 1948, describing a visit to Haifa:

> At dusk I again passed through . . . the Arab quarters. A frightening and fantastic spectacle. A dead city, a corpse of a city. Only at one spot did we see two old men sitting in a half-empty shop, and in another alley we met an Arab

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> woman leading her child. . . . How did tens of thousands of people leave in such a panic—without sufficient reason—their city, their homes, and their wealth?

One thing the Yishuv leadership did suspect was that the Arab flight which was already taking place in late 1947 and early 1948 had been engineered in order to portray the prospective Jewish state as inimical to its Arab minority. This explains the efforts Jews made in various places, including Haifa, to persuade the Arabs to stay. It was this same desire to present an image of a civilized and law-respecting entity that moved the Yishuv leadership to pledge to the UN a constitution guaranteeing the rights of all citizens of the state, regardless of religion, race, or nationality. On December 3, 1947, Ben-Gurion told his party, Mapai, that "a constitution that would debar an Arab from becoming President is unthinkable . . . every citizen is eligible to be elected President," and if a majority did elect an Arab as President, "so be it, there shall be no discrimination in the Jewish state."

The invasion by the five Arab armies on May 15 of course put an end to all this. Henceforward the Arabs, both inside and outside Israel, were seen as sworn enemies. The 1948 war and the fears of a second "round" banished all thought of the promised constitution. In this way the war that the Arabs started in 1948 not only sealed the fate of the Palestinian Arabs themselves; it also formed a different Israel from the one intended by its founders. The latter had never imagined in their wildest thoughts that Israel would one day be obliged to impose military government in Arab districts or invoke other such restrictive measures. Nor did they imagine another, equally remarkable consequence of Arab enmity: the harsh persecution of Jews in all Arab-speaking countries, sparking a mass emigration to Israel that would radically change the ethnic make-up of the Jewish state.

MORRIS turns a blind eye to this chain of events, as if aware that in order to unveil the "true," impure face of Israel he must show that the Arab flight conformed with Zionism's most evil designs. Thus, while on the Arab side he finds no "patterns," on the Jewish side he manages to find quite a few. The most important has to do with "transfer." Very early on in his book he is already hard at work to implant the mistaken notion that a transfer of Arabs from Palestine to neighboring countries "had a basis in mainstream Jewish [*sic*] thinking, if not actual planning, from the late 1930's and 1940's."

Yet the issue of such a transfer, like the issue of a population exchange (Arabs from Palestine in exchange for Jews from Arab lands), was not even placed on the agenda of the Zionist Organization until the Zionist Congress of 1937, which deliberated the partition and exchange programs proposed by the British government following the Peel Commission report of July 7. Those in the Congress who supported partition favored transfer—but only because it was suggested by Britain, which intended to implement this arrangement under the auspices of the League of Nations. When Britain retracted, as it soon did, partition scheme and transfer clause alike came to naught.

Where then does Morris derive his fallacious idea? He rests his case entirely and solely on one source, Joseph Weitz (1890-1972), for many years director of the Land Development Division of the Jewish National Fund.

All his life Joseph Weitz was given to self-aggrandizement, desperately filling thousands of pages, in manuscript and in print, in diaries and letters, with his ideas and opinions, only to meet frustration at every turn. The broad recognition he coveted always eluded him. Now comes Benny Morris to rescue from oblivion every line Weitz ever wrote, published, or bequeathed to the Zionist Central Archives; in them, he has found more support for the idea of an Arab transfer than in the memoirs of all other Zionists combined. In the index to Morris's book only David Ben-Gurion is honored with more space than the frustrated Joseph Weitz.

To cover the discrepancy between Weitz's true status in the Zionist and Israeli hierarchy and the major role he plays in *The Birth of the Palestinian Refugee Problem,* Morris presents him as "an initiator of thinking and policy." (In an essay published in *Middle Eastern Studies,* Morris goes even further, introducing Weitz as a major leader who in 1948 "sat astride the crossroads of power in the new state.") Yet he does not make the slightest attempt to show any connection between what Weitz claimed for himself—mostly, an assumed intimacy with IDF officers and cabinet ministers—and what actually transpired either in the field or in cabinet meetings. Furthermore, he admits explicitly that Ben-Gurion and his defense deputy, Israel Galili, "either rejected, or were unwilling to commit themselves to, a general policy or strategy of [Arab] expulsion." But Morris is not one to be deterred by simple contradiction.

Weitz owes his prominence in Morris's thinking to his membership in what Morris calls the "Transfer Committee" of 1937. This merits an explanation: early in November 1937 the JAE appointed a "Population Exchange Committee," whose main role was to prepare proposals the JAE might wish to submit to the Woodhead Commission (dispatched to Palestine, as noted above, to provide cover for the British government's decision to renege on its partition policy). Morris fails to point out that this was merely a study committee, not a policy committee, and also does not tell the reader that in June 1938 it held its last meeting, then disbanded quietly and unofficially. Among the thirty papers and memoranda the JAE submitted to the Woodhead Commission there was *not one* regarding population exchange or transfer.

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We next come upon Weitz, still following his ambition, in 1948, when he is bringing heavy pressure to bear on Ben-Gurion and others to reappoint a "transfer committee." Morris now expects us to believe, without a shred of evidence, that "Weitz regarded the Arab exodus, which he helped to promote, . . . as an implementation, albeit unplanned and largely spontaneous, of the transfer schemes of the late 1930's." He plants the erroneous impression that an executive committee was set up by the JAE to furnish the "nudge" necessary to turn the Arab exodus into an organized, one-way transfer. Although he concedes at one point that "official authorization and appointment of the committee by either Ben-Gurion or the cabinet continued to elude" Weitz, he persists in referring to this nonexistent body as "the first transfer committee," and in suggesting that it energetically exercised its executive powers by sending Arabs away from Palestine by the truckload.

FINALLY we are told of a "consultative" meeting with Ben-Gurion and others, held on August 18, in which Weitz proposed "once again" the appointment of "a non-governmental authority" to formulate a "plan for the transfer of the Arabs and their settlement." Morris takes this from Volume III of Weitz's published diary, but his English rendition casts fresh doubt on his academic honesty. For even Weitz did not propose any such "authority," nor did he suggest the policy it should formulate. Here is the relevant passage:

> I proposed the appointment of a special committee, to deal with the material and to prepare a few alternative schemes. This ought to be a non-governmental committee, yet one with governmental powers.

No formal decision was taken at this meeting, which does not, however, prevent Morris from reporting that "a committee—the second and official Transfer Committee . . . was at last appointed by Ben-Gurion at the end of August." Suffice it to say that Weitz neither proposed nor claimed that the committee ultimately appointed was such an executive transfer committee. His diary entry for September 1—which Morris withholds—establishes beyond doubt the nature of the body:

> The Transfer Committee today laid down its work order: a) facts and procedures in migrations of peoples resulting from war in the last century; b) census of Arabs who left Palestine—the villages, the areas, the inhabitants, evaluations, etc.; c) the neighboring countries and their absorption capacities; d) conclusions and proposals. We agreed on the staff to assist the Committee in data gathering, etc.

So a study committee it was, which concluded its work in two months, whereupon it handed Ben-Gurion an eight-point conclusion regarding "the refugee problem" which suggested, *inter alia*, a population exchange (Jewish immigrants from Iraq and Syria against resettlement of Palestinian refugees in these two countries and in Jordan) as Israel's proposed position at the forthcoming peace talks.

As it came to pass, this, indeed, would be Israel's position; it is reflected in a passage contained in Ben-Gurion's aforementioned Knesset statement:

> Immediately after the establishment of the state, while the invasion of the Arab armies was still under way, there commenced a large Jewish immigration, especially from Arab countries. . . . The number of the Arabs within the area earmarked by the UN resolution for a Jewish state, and who left it . . . is not greater than the number of the Jewish refugees from the Arab countries, to the extent that an unplanned yet *de facto* exchange of population did in fact take place, and there is no practical possibility, nor a moral necessity, to turn the wheel back.

So bent is Morris on showing that the transfer idea had been, all along, the chief motor behind the actions of Ben-Gurion and Weitz that he translates the Hebrew designation for the transfer committee as the committee for "Retroactive Transfer." The correct translation, as Ben-Gurion's statement implies, is "*de facto* transfer"—i.e., a committee to relate to what had already happened, a transfer the Arabs had brought on themselves.

None of this is to suggest that the Jews were sorry to see the Arabs' backs. Morris, however, discounting Ben-Gurion's amazement at the Arab flight, portrays him as a leader who made sure that his will would be carried out by others while he himself retained clean hands. Chief among these others was Major General Yigal Allon; wherever he "was in command, almost no Arab civilians remained anywhere." Allon simply "tended to expel and let his subordinates know what he wanted." And this was in no way peculiar: "At each level of command and execution, Haganah officers in those April-June days . . . simply 'understood' what the military and political exigencies of survival required." Thus Ben-Gurion was able to enjoy the best of both worlds: "he was happy that the work was being done but could not . . . bring himself to openly support the policy and Weitz's activities in the field."

The evidence Morris can, and does, offer in support of this contention is nil. Faithful to his manner, when in difficulty he falls back on a highly personal reading of Hebrew texts, at one point attributing to Ben-Gurion himself the thoughts and words of a general briefing him on an ongoing campaign, at another completely distorting, or even reversing, Ben-Gurion's recorded reaction at a cabinet meeting to news of atrocities committed by Israeli soldiers in the Galilee. The list of such misrepresentations could be extended indefinitely.

IN Morris's picture of the 1948 war, Israel is already a military "superpower," a juggernaut crushing the Palestinians and the Arab

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armies alike. Nowhere in his book does Morris present a coherent account of the creation of the IDF or of the Arab forces that fought it on all sides. Morris takes no notice of the initial Arab advantage in war materiel and manpower, and does not compare the artillery, armor, or naval and air forces at the disposal of the combatants. Yet he writes that already in January-March "the Yishuv was militarily . . . vastly superior to the Palestinian Arabs," and that during April and May it was "bringing its military superiority . . . to bear." In May, we are told, the "Haganah demonstrated almost unchallenged superiority." No wonder, in this reading, that the early "waves" of Palestinian Arabs ran away.

As it happens, however, the first shipment of artillery to Israel's forces—5 out of 51 pieces—did not arrive in Tel Aviv until May 7. These were 65mm light portable mountain guns made in France in 1906, and were immediately dubbed "Napoleonchiks" to denote both origin and age. A primitive gun it was, with a range of 3.5 miles, two separated sights for elevation and traversing (instead of the modern integrated one) and no shield. Its only safe ammunition was the 5.5 pound HE shell, the equivalent in destructive effect of two infantry hand grenades. During the second half of 1948 it saw service as the IDF's main standard field gun.

As Morris does not name or enumerate the Arab forces engaged against the "vastly superior" IDF, it is not from him that a reader will learn that in July the Arabs had the upper hand in artillery and armor in the northern front. In the western sector the ALA had 13 pieces of 75mm French guns and 27 armored vehicles. In the southern sector the Iraqis deployed at Jenin 6 artillery batteries (24 to 36 pieces of 25-pounders of British make), and at the eastern sector at Tel Saqi the Syrians deployed 3 batteries (12 to 18 75mm pieces of French make). Against them, Israel could come up then with three operative "Napoleonchiks" and one in repair; one 20mm anti-aircraft gun mounted on a half-track in an anti-tank role; two 75mm anti-aircraft guns, captured in May from the Arabs and used as multi-purpose guns; and three 20mm anti-aircraft guns committed to Haifa's air defense.

On the southern front, Egypt's army had the upper hand in equipment both in the air and on the ground. The Napoleonchik was no match for Egypt's British 25-pounder, with twice the range and five times the shell. Here, however, Morris lays the emphasis on Israel's air power. Operation Yoav, we are told, began on October 15, "with bombing and strafing attacks on Beersheba, Gaza," and 11 more towns and villages listed by name. In explaining the ensuing flight of the Arab populace, Morris goes on to say that while by World War II standards

> these attacks were minor and not particularly accurate, most of the affected communities had never experienced air attack and were not "built for it," either psychologically or in terms of shelters and ground defenses. Artillery was also used far more extensively than in any previous IDF offensive, though mostly directed at Egyptian and Arab militia positions.

For this preposterous allegation—that the IDF used its air power specifically against defenseless, unprepared Arab "communities" in the south—Morris offers no reference or authority. Nor does he mention that the Egyptians were the ones to bombard, from the ground and from the air, civilian Jewish communities in Tel Aviv, Rehovot, and their vicinity, and especially the handful of Jewish agricultural settlements in the south and the Negev, which were isolated by the invading Egyptian army. For months on end these settlements sustained successive air and artillery bombardments as well as repeated infantry and armored assaults. Yad Mordechai and Negba, which were practically razed to the ground, do not merit a mention in Morris's book. This is perhaps just as well, for he would be hard put to explain how it was that Jewish settlers, unlike their Arab neighbors, stood their ground even under the fiercest shelling and bombardment, or in what way the Jews were "built for it" better than the Arabs. Finally, the Arab villages that Morris lists as the innocent victims of Israeli aerial bombardments all served the Egyptian army and the Arab "irregulars" as operational and logistical bases.

WHAT, in the end, is one to make of the farrago of distortions, omissions, tendentious readings, and outright falsifications offered by the "new" revisionist historians? That they fail in their intention to "undermine, if not thoroughly demolish" the "old history" is patently the case; history, thank goodness, is made of sterner and more intractable stuff than even their wholesale efforts of free interpretation can dissimulate. But whether they will yet succeed in their larger aim of serving, in Benny Morris's Orwellian words, the "purposes of peace"—i.e., by providing fresh sources of political sympathy for the Arabs, and fresh sources of antipathy to the Jews—is unfortunately another and more troubling question, to which the answer is much less clear.

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Boredom, Virtue, and Democratic Capitalism

Michael Novak

Late in May of this anniversary year of the French Revolution of 1789, Chinese students in Shanghai, openly defying a Communist regime, carried before them a white plaster replica of the Statue of Liberty. During this same spring, both the Soviet Union and Poland were experiencing their first relatively free elections under Communist domination. In Hungary, moves toward democracy and capitalism were proceeding both in public argument and in tentative, practical action. Symbolically, at least, the institutions and ideals of the liberal society were gaining adherents rather rapidly.

No wonder, then, that so many people have begun saying that these institutions and ideals are now sweeping everything before them. For it does indeed appear that of the three great systemic ideas of the 20th century—Communism, fascism, and democractic capitalism—only the last is still vigorous and growing. Just as fascism collapsed in the ashes of its cataclysmic defeat in 1945, so also, not quite forty-five years later, Communism seems to have died, even in the minds of party elites. I want to emphasize: has died *as an idea*; in other words, not necessarily as a residual reality—a militarily dangerous reality, at that.

In a stimulating essay published in the Summer 1989 issue of the *National Interest*, Francis Fukuyama even goes so far as to draw the conclusion that "history," in Hegel's sense, has arrived at its appointed end. By this he means that the entire world is being driven by trial and error away from faulty ideas about the future shape of human life ("The Thousand Year Reich," "The Workers' Paradise") and toward their antithesis: a society based on a democratic polity and a capitalist economy.

So far so good, says Fukuyama. But he also sees a downside:

> The end of history will be a very sad time. The struggle for recognition, the willingness to risk one's life for a purely abstract goal, the worldwide ideological struggle that called forth daring, courage, imagination, and idealism, will be replaced by economic calculation, the endless solving of technical problems, environmental concerns, and the satisfaction of sophisticated consumer demands. In the post-historical period there will be neither art nor philosophy, just the perpetual caretaking of the museum of human history. I can feel in myself, and see in others around me, a powerful nostalgia for the time when history existed. Such nostalgia, in fact, will continue to fuel competition and conflict even in the post-historical world for some time to come. Even though I recognize its inevitability, I have the most ambivalent feelings for the civilization that has been created in Europe since 1945, with its North Atlantic and Asian offshoots. Perhaps this very prospect of centuries of boredom at the end of history will serve to get history started once again.

In this lament, Fukuyama echoes the single most persistent criticism of democratic capitalism, even among its friends: that it is spiritually deficient. It may work, they say. It may produce abundance. It may put an end to famine, curb disease, enable the average age of mortality to jump from eighteen in the year 1800 to seventy-five in 1986. It may even generate unprecedented liberties. *But*, they say, all this is for naught, since under democratic capitalism human beings live vacuous and empty lives.

Such a judgment springs from what logicians call a category mistake—and a horrific one. A democratic capitalist regime is not the kingdom of God. It is not a church, or even a philosophy, and it is only in an outward sense "a way of life." A democratic capitalist regime promises three liberations by institutional means—liberation from tyranny and torture; liberation from the oppression of conscience, information, and ideas; and liberation from poverty. The construction of a social order that achieves these is *not* designed to fill the soul, or to teach a philosophy, or to give instruction in how to live. It is designed to create *space*, within which the soul may make its own choices, and within which spiritual leaders and spiritual associations may do their own necessary and creative work.

Indeed, one of the chief differences between a

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democratic capitalist society and a fascist or Communist society is that the first is in no sense a religion. Fascism and Communism are pseudo-religions; they aim to shape and to invigorate the whole soul; they attempt to merge the individual into a movement and a common purpose as a drop is merged in the ocean. Such societies are collectivist and totalitarian by design, for the sake of the inner unity of all, an inner unity that can be (for a while) very satisfying. No one who has watched on film Hitler's Nuremberg rallies can doubt the *willingness* of many hearts and minds to be inflamed with one common purpose.

By contrast, the institutions of democratic capitalism do not cause those who live under them to merge their own identities in a common sea; rather, they encourage each individual in his own, individually charted, "pursuit of happiness."

Nonetheless, there are, for all that, two fields of spiritual value and moral virtue associated with democratic and capitalist institutions (two, that is, in addition to the higher values and virtues that such institutions cannot themselves supply, but for whose practice they leave space and provide indirect support). The first consists of those spiritual values and moral virtues called forth by democratic capitalist institutions, and the second is made up of those without which its institutions could not possibly survive.

It is, of course, broadly agreed that traditional societies (pre-capitalist, pre-democratic, pre-pluralist) had their own distinctive virtues. In ancient Greece and Rome, as well as in medieval and Renaissance Europe, the cardinal virtues were temperance, fortitude, justice, and prudence (practical wisdom). Whole lists of other virtues praised by Aristotle and Cicero were for centuries also widely celebrated.

With the invention of democratic capitalism in America, new demands were made upon the citizens, for which new virtues were required. The school for learning these virtues was long, but as Tocqueville noted, the American people learned them during the many years between the founding of Plymouth Colony in 1620 and the Revolution of 1776.

In the absence of direct rules from Great Britain, the American colonists had first to develop the habits of self-reliance, community-building, and self-government that may be summarized under the heading of *civic responsibility*. When they left behind the comfortable hostels and taverns of Leiden, the first boatloads of "pilgrims" (so they styled themselves, although their pilgrimage was to no known sacred place) recognized that there would be no homes, shelters, barns, or warm hearths waiting for them: all these they would have to build. At first, they tried a form of communism—ownership and labor in common. That soon failing, they turned to a regime of private property.

For a people often accused by sociologists of "excessive individualism," their primal task, repeated again and again across a vast continent, was the building of new communities where no such communities had existed before. They depended very much upon the ambition of their most imaginative and able members, but they also depended upon the capacities of all for freely given cooperation and coordination. Civic responsibility required individual initiative and a spirit of cooperation in equal parts.

The second new virtue called forth by this new type of society was *personal economic enterprise*. It is the function of enterprise to break from received ways of doing, making, and distributing goods and services. In this respect, enterprise seems to be a peculiarly capitalist virtue. Not unknown in previous history, in a capitalist system it becomes, so to speak, the red-hot center, the dynamo, the ignition system, of development. It is the very principle of economic progress.

Enterprise is, to deepen the notion, both an intellectual and a moral virtue. Its intellectual moment consists in a discovery heretofore neglected and in some sense original, usually concerning either a new need of the community which might be served, or a new method for doing so. Its moral moment consists in the effort, ingenuity, and persistence required to bring that insight into reality. Enterprise consists, in other words, of noticing possibilities that others fail to see and, second, of practicing the skills and aptitudes necessary to their realization.

Related to enterprise is the more general virtue of *creativity*. For personal economic enterprise is not socially sustainable unless would-be entrepreneurs are supported by a social intelligence covering many areas—law, banking and finance, governmental administration, the arts, journalism, education, scientific and industrial research, and even religion and philosophy.

In fact, the virtue of creativity is so central to the capitalist society that, contrary to most of our dictionaries and economic textbooks, which tend to take their definitions of capitalism from Marx (of all sources), I define it as the economic system whose institutions are designed to nourish creativity in every sphere of life. As every virtue is accompanied by characteristic vices, so capitalist societies are often swept by a lust for novelty for its own sake; but such vices help to define the contours of the virtue. Perhaps Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber in *The American Challenge* might be credited with calling public attention in recent years to this aspect of capitalist development, noting, for example, that half the business of U.S. chemical companies in 1967 was based on products that had not even existed ten years earlier. But Ludwig von Mises and Friedrich von Hayek had long been making the same point.

Capitalism, then, is the economic system whose central animating dynamic is invention, discovery, enterprise—in

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short, creative mind. Such a system *uses* private property, markets, and the incentive of profits, of course, but these ancient institutions alone do not define it. For traditional, pre-capitalist societies (such as biblical Jerusalem) also had private property, markets, and profits, as do the pre-capitalist societies of contemporary Latin America and Africa, and parts of Asia. Thus, the recognition of intellectual property, as in the patent and copyright clause of the U.S. Constitution of 1787 (Article 1, Section 8), was a decisive moment in the history of modern capitalism. As the prime analogue of property, it supplanted land with the inventions of the mind. It thereby helped to set in motion not only an immense transformation in the productive capacities of the human race, but also the process which today, through computers, electronics, and miniaturization, is placing the irradiations of the human mind in more and more of the things we produce and use: in our cameras, our autos, our communications, our financial methods, etc. Under capitalism, the material world is becoming, so to speak, more and more *mind*.

A fourth, and often overlooked, virtue of the democratic capitalist regime is a special kind of *communitarian* living. It is often said that socialist societies strengthen bonds of community, whereas capitalist societies engender "excessive individualism." Empirically, however, existing socialist societies often appear to place the quiet of the graveyard over most of the forms of genuine community that humans have known. By contrast, capitalist societies abound in many varieties of frank and friendly association, in a great deal of teamwork, in habits of openness and easy companionship that are marvelous to see and to experience.

It is true that community in the sociologist's sense, *Gemeinschaft*—that long and close binding of village life over many generations with persons of the same faith and interests and family connections—is less possible in dynamic and mobile societies. Nonetheless, the ancient dictum that humans are social animals is clearly validated in capitalist societies. There is said to be much loneliness in such societies, but, granting that a certain loneliness is inherent in personal liberty, most economic activities under contemporary capitalism—with their committees and their meetings and their consultations—are nothing if not associational.

Finally, there is *competitiveness*, which is universally recognized as a quality called forth by capitalist societies, but is almost always treated as a vice. Yet competitiveness is both a sentinel of economic fairness and a defense against monopolistic collusion, not only in the economic sphere but also in the realms of morality and religion, not to mention politics. As a famous passage in *The Federalist Papers* puts it:

> The great security against a gradual concentration of the several powers in the same department consists in giving to those who administer each department the necessary constitutional means *and personal motives* to resist encroachments of the others. The provision for defense must in this, as in all other cases, be made commensurate to the danger of attack. Ambition must be made to counteract ambition. *The interest of the man* must be connected with the constitutional rights of the place. It may be a reflection on human nature that such devices should be necessary to control the abuses of government. But what is government itself but the greatest of all reflections on human nature? If men were angels, no government would be necessary. If angels were to govern men, neither external nor internal controls on government would be necessary. [Emphasis added]

APART from calling forth these (and other) new virtues, democratic capitalist societies are rooted in certain spiritual values without which they could scarcely have been imagined, let alone have come into existence.

From the beginning the claim was made of democratic capitalist societies that they were built to the pattern of "the system of natural liberty." The implication was that such a system would belong to all humans, wherever they might be. It would be adaptable to local customs, histories, traditions, and cultures, provided only that these opened the institutional ways to universal human capacities for reflection and choice—in politics, economics, and the realm of conscience and culture. The system was not designed for Jews or Christians only, for Anglo-Saxons or Frenchmen; it was designed for all human beings.

This claim is not forfeited by the historical fact that the insights and practices which originally led to the development of the necessary institutions arose first in lands deeply shaped by the teachings of Judaism and Christianity. That democratic capitalism was embryonically realized first in such lands was, of course, "no accident." Judaism and Christianity are, in an important way, religions of history and, consequently, religions of liberty. Although no one sees God, and no one can form an idea of God commensurate with His reality, humans are led by the Bible to imagine that He sees, chooses, acts. And humans, according to the Bible as well, are made in His image. In their capacity to reflect and to choose—and to create, in the sense appropriate to their limits—they are made like unto Him. Time itself is imagined as revealing the narrative of His compact with them—a compact into which they have freely entered. History is the story of how humans live out their end of this bargain.

In this philosophical-theological vision, every single human being has dignity, is in a way sacred, because of his capacity to reflect and to choose; a covenant freely entered into is the highest model to which human communities aspire. Civilization is imagined to be an ideal city in

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which humans address one another, not through force or coercion, but through the conversation of reason.

It was out of such beliefs that the words of Thomas Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence ultimately flowed:

> We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

To say, however, that a "system of natural liberty" seems to flow directly from the convictions of Jews and Christians about human nature and destiny, is to say neither that free societies are limited solely to those who hold such beliefs, nor that the details of such societies actually were or could have been worked out only by believing Jews and Christians. Indeed, many of the insights and many of the practical institutional experiments that were indispensable to the eventual development of democratic capitalist societies were first championed by the pagan cultures of Greece and Rome and, later, by some who had set their faces against Judaism and Christianity. Furthermore, in recent decades, the success of Japan and of other societies outside the Judeo-Christian orbit in emulating the democratic capitalist model of development has afforded conclusive proof of the American Founders' claims concerning *natural* liberty: that is, a liberty belonging and available not solely to Jews or Christians, but to all.

WHAT then of the future?

In 1949 there were only 48 nations to sign the Universal Declaration of Human Rights of the United Nations, whereas today the list of nations has expanded to 166. Many experiments in ideology and system-building have been tried, and their dismal outcomes have been observed. In particular, the death of the socialist ideal—at least within socialist nations, if not among many intellectuals and clerics in the capitalist world—seems to have cleared the way for fresh assessments and for the firm establishment of a number of propositions:

1. Even under the power of states, secret police, and torturers, individual conscience exerts its strength, and instills an awareness of inalienable rights in the soul.

2. Some form of democratic-republican governance is the most reliable protection for these rights, the best institutional means for "securing" them.

3. A free economy is a necessary, but not sufficient, condition for the successful practice of democracy.

4. A free moral and cultural life—freedom of conscience, information, and ideas—is indispensable both for democracy and for economic development.

5. A free economy, giving rightful place to personal economic initiative and human capacities for creativity, is the best systemic means for achieving some rapid liberation from poverty.

6. The cause of the wealth of nations is, most of all, the creative mind—invention, discovery, personal and associative enterprise—and the free institutions that support it.

That all this should be on the way to universal recognition and acceptance is wonderfully heartening, but too high a note of optimism is not yet to be sounded. Human beings always say they want liberty, Dostoevsky warned, but the first thing they do, once they obtain it, is hand it back. Moreover, much that is promising never comes to fruition; and horrible evils sometimes spring from what appears to the naked eye as a highly civilized and prosperous people—as from Germany in this century.

Even apart from such possible disasters, the essence of democratic capitalism, organized around the creative mind, is a precarious instability. The most stable societies on earth, liberal societies, are always changing. It would take only a generation of citizens who have forgotten their founding principles and all the lessons of experience to set in motion a precipitous and calamitous slide.

Thus, even on the highly dubious Hegelian assumption that history *can* come to an end, it is surely a little premature to announce that it has. Institutions that carry through the three liberations of politics, economics, and culture remain still to be erected over most of the earth's surface. And even where these institutions already exist, their future depends precisely on the capacity to replenish the spiritual abundance that gave them birth. But to this there is an upside. For far from facing the boredom and the vacuity that writers like Fukuyama fear, those who live under democratic capitalist regimes still have as much work before them—spiritual and spiritually nourishing work—as they and their forebears ever had to accomplish in the past.

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Strictly Movie

Daniel Fuchs

ONE day a while ago I was back in Beverly Hills, where I had lived for more than thirty years, and on an impulse, since I was in the area, I decided to drop in on my old agent. His office was on South Beverly Drive, a few doors down the street, below Wilshire Boulevard, at the bottom of what is known here as the business triangle. But when I faced his building I was altogether puzzled. It wasn't his building at all. I had walked to his office I don't know how many times over the years—my home was all of five blocks away—but now everything was changed and different. I went into the Union Bank on the corner and asked them for their Beverly Hills telephone book, so that I could check the address at least and see what sense I could make of the mystery. (The Union Bank building now occupied a good part of the streetfront of the block which, as I remembered it, used to consist of a sleepy low-lying row of one-story structures—a small neighborhood Bank of America branch, a florist, the Old Vienna Chocolate Store, the Mayfair Riding Shop, and, I believe, one or two other stores.)

I quickly saw my mistake and wondered how I could have made it. I still don't understand it. Lazar, my agent, had his office on the 200 block, as I well knew, on the second block, a few doors down the street from Charleville Boulevard, not Wilshire Boulevard; I had simply gone around the wrong corner. But when I finally reached the true, familiar building, I was in for another surprise. The whole interior street floor of the building was stripped. They were making a total rearrangement of the floor space—all the old offices had been cleared away, the partitions knocked down, leaving only the bare building walls. A young woman, a girl, was sitting alone in the desolation, perched on a high stool. She told me that Lazar was still in the building, that he was now renting a single, one-room office on the floor above, and was able to give me the room number. (The girl, perched on the stool, wore a bulky, cumbersome crucifix and was eating a roasted half-chicken.)

Lazar wasn't in. I stayed in the office with his secretary for a few minutes and we chatted. She remarked that by an odd coincidence Lazar just recently had been on the verge of paying me a visit. What happened, it seemed, was that Lazar, in the mood for a walk that afternoon, to give himself a destination for his walk, had said, as he started out, that he would go by my house ("Dan's house") and drop in on me. "Mr. Lazar, he doesn't live there anymore. They moved years ago," she said she told him.

WHEN I lived in Beverly Hills I had the habit of getting out very early in the morning, to take care of something I had to do in the business triangle and many times just for the enjoyment of it. In the stillness of the streets, there was a subdued, almost stealthy undercurrent of activity going on. Men could be glimpsed here and there threading their way to the brokerage houses to catch the opening market prices; there was, of course, the time difference between the coasts and so they had to be in their chairs by seven. I think the high movie folk preferred the before-hours doctor and dental appointments for the sake of privacy, to keep their maladies and problems to themselves; I once saw an important star at the head of a flight of stairs in a Bedford Drive medical building, pausing for a moment, regal and poised, larger than he appeared on the screen, as he prepared to descend the steps. Very early one Sunday morning, a woman, who obviously hadn't slept all night, went past me crying to herself, racked in some deep emotional tangle; I knew who she was—I had seen her and her husband at various social gatherings—and I have an idea that she had recognized me, too, as she went by me. On another early Sunday, I saw a star (Jack Lemmon) wheeling a baby carriage on the sidewalk, quietly taking a stroll with his child in the carriage down the street.

One day I was moving along to the triangle, for what reason I can't remember—a dental appointment, I imagine. I was approaching the corner of the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel drugstore, which was also a coffee shop, where I would be making the turn into Wilshire Boulevard and then on to the dentist's if that was what it was. The entrance to the drugstore was on the corner, opening on a slant between the two streets, Wilshire and Rodeo Drive, and as I went barreling around

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I all but collided with a group of women—there were four or five of them, tourists, visitors—emerging from the drugstore. I stared at them. They were old colleagues of mine, people I had taught school with in Brooklyn. The teachers stared back at me—standing powdered and straight, middle-aged women, with their hats and gloves and the purses hanging over their arms. We didn't know what to say to each other, chastened by the realization, I think, of the time gone by, of the passing time.

A MAN sits in a room writing novels. Nothing happens. They don't sell—400 copies apiece, the last one a few more. The reviews are scattered. Twenty-five, thirty years later they are resurrected and brought out again. I am rediscovered. The books are republished in hard cover, in paperback, in paperback again, then collected and presented as *The Williamsburg Trilogy* (although the last one is set in Brighton Beach, Brooklyn, not Williamsburg, Brooklyn, but no matter) and it turns out I am a cult with a respectable following somewhere in the country—and none of this through any doing on my part or with my knowledge beforehand. How does it feel to be a cult? It's flattering. I like it. I don't know what to make of it. At bottom I know the books are not first class and I privately wonder at the acclaim. The books are fine. I wrote about the restless Americanized sons of their immigrant fathers, and the novels have a good tenement-house yeastiness and sense of life in them, but I won't reread them (I have never reread them), because the flat print of the pages will only sicken and disappoint me. It's always like that. It is the usual author's lamentation, the author's perpetual dissatisfaction with what he's written. Critics and bystanders who concern themselves with the plight of the Hollywood screenwriter don't know the real grief that goes with the job. The worst is the dreariness in the dead sunny afternoons when you consider the misses, the scripts you've labored on and had high hopes for and that wind up on the shelf, when you think of the mountains of failed screenplays on the shelf at the different movie companies; in all my time at the studios, I managed to get my name on a little more than a dozen pictures, most unmemorable, one a major success. It's the same when you write for publication, on your own. You have the same record of misses, the bouts of wretchedness, the typed sheets of paper going flat in your hands—"The cafard," Graham Greene has called it. "The despair of never getting anything right." Of course, the difference is that in the movies you get paid when you fail and there is that to carry you over. I must say, in my case, there was never a rebuke.

I LIKED it in Hollywood and stayed on. I found the life in the studios most agreeable. You're not closed up in a room by yourself. You're always with people, and there are advantages in working company hours. Mordecai Richler went out of his way in a book review to say I bragged about the money I made in Hollywood. Actually, I never made a great deal of money in the movies; $60,000 a year was about the best I could do. If Richler doesn't mind my saying so. In fact, I went nearly broke, had to sell my house, and then an amazing thing happened. A benefactor, a character out of a Hungarian, Molnar play—I can't say his name; he once asked me never to cause him bother and intrude—stepped forward. He's been watching out for us over the years and we're quite comfortable. I guess I mention all this to get a rise out of Richler. Hollywood strikes a nerve in some people.

I USED to read everything. There wasn't much else in those days—no television, no radio. There was, in the beginning, the simple homemade crystal set. Do people know about them—the wire coil shellacked around a ten-inch cardboard cylinder, the cat's whisker? You got the hookup out of the New York *Sun*; you made your own crystal set, and at night listened to the society bands playing at the Manhattan hotel roof gardens. When I was still in high school, I read probably all of Chekhov's short stories, those gray, sad sketches. I wrote a whole bunch of them, in imitation. At City College, I came across the *Menorah Journal*, a handsome magazine printed on strong, thick paper, and it was there that I first heard about Isaac Babel and read one or two of his stories, in a wonderful translation, never again approached, by somebody whose name I can't remember. Babel bowled me over. Before I knew it, I had written a story very much like his Odessa tales. It was published, one of my first, in *Story*. I imitated Joyce—the story, "A Little Cloud" in *Dubliners*; mine was called "A Clean, Quiet House." You copy, whether you know it or not. When I wrote for *Collier's* and the *Saturday Evening Post*, I generally followed Hemingway. That's permissible. The only outright plagiarism I'm aware of ever having committed was of a line in a short story by Ralph Manheim. I couldn't resist it. I stole the line, turned it upside down, and made it mine. It was a wonderful story. I read it sixty years ago, in *transition*, and I still remember it clearly; Ralph Manheim must be the same now-famous translator. But what really worked on me was vaudeville. Back in the old Williamsburg days, there was a theater, the Republic, within walking distance of my home, on Grand Street Extension. It played five vaudeville acts and the feature picture. I got over there every chance I had. It was all new to me and enchanted me, a lasting effect. The stories of mine that appeared in the *New Yorker* are vaudeville—virtuoso mimicries and performed entertainments. I'm a vaudeville fan to this day. That's why I think that Blake Edwards, for one, is an authentic, idiosyncratic

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talent unrecognized for what he is—those artful Peter Sellers-Clouzot fandangos of his, many of the other comedies, on television and in the movie-houses. I don't know Blake Edwards; I admire his work. In 1947, a year earlier than that or a year later, I saw George Burns and Jack Benny on the stage in a benefit. Benny was dressed in women's clothes, playing Gracie, and they were doing a Burns and Allen takeoff. It was special, a rare thing—the shadings, such delicacy, the beautiful flow between them, back and forth, two figures stationary and yet engaged in a kind of dance. The house was absolutely still. They were all insiders, show people. The performance was for them; it wasn't Burns and Benny's usual, public work. You could hear a pin.

You are what the occasion seems to require you to be. You're different people, depending on the people you're confronted with and what you think is expected of you. If there's somebody in you, to begin with. When I first came to Hollywood, for one reason or another, they thought I was the bookish type, inexperienced in the ways of the world, and that was the part I played for them—the wide-eyed newcomer. I kept it up, off and on, and for a long time after I had been here. They heard I had been a schoolteacher and that must have made an impression on them, and we were young, my wife looking even younger, which she was. At Warner Brothers, Mark Hellinger turned me over to Mushy Callahan to smarten me up and show me the world. Hellinger was a whimsical man; he pulled all kinds of stunts. Mushy Callahan was an ex-welterweight champion; I think I have the division right. He was technical adviser on the fight pictures and ran the studio gym room. Mushy turned out to be a whole lot more inexperienced than I ever was. He was a saint, spic-and-span and shining, always with a happy smile on his scrubbed face. He took me down to the Hollywood fight-club backrooms, where the fighters dressed and got ready, and to other dungeons, but most of the time we just racketted around, stayed off the lot, and enjoyed ourselves. His real name was Morris Abramowitz, something like that, although I think that was it exactly. He got hit in the face by a horse when he was a newsboy on the Los Angeles streets. His nose was flattened. He looked like a prizefighter, everybody thought he was a prizefighter, so eventually he had to go in for it, and he became very good at it, the champ. Harry Cohn over at Columbia—who at one time had also been very good with his fists—was similarly amused by me. "What's good time for a six furlong workout?" he said to me, testing me. "One-twelve, one-eleven," I said, and he beamed at the entourage around him as if to say, how about that? Sam Spiegel once said to my wife, regretfully, that I had no elbows. I genuinely liked these men and admired them as doers, and now that I think of them and am recalling the times, I see the answer: the warm feeling I had for them piqued their interest and touched them, and they went easy on me. The producers have lately been in the public eye, through A. Scott Berg's biography of Samuel Goldwyn and the book by Neal Gabler on the immigrant Jews who built Hollywood. Both books, I believe, judging from the reviews, make much of the point that the producers—in their ardor to make themselves welcomed in the country, to disguise their origins, and with their limited experience of Anglo-Saxon culture (the reviewer John Gregory Dunne's phrase)—invented an imaginary Hollywood America of their own, an America they wished existed. I always thought they consciously promoted these wholesome Norman Rockwell magazine-cover values as a public responsibility—just as, in fact, the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post* most likely did. To help create the national myths. Of course, what was basically the case was that this was the kind of movie the public wanted and would go to the movie houses to see—just as the readers of the mass-circulation magazines insisted on Clarence Budington Kelland and the idealized American West invented by Harold Bell Wright and Zane Grey. It was box office, solely that, the cash coming in, the sea of tabulating machines in the company counting rooms—I've seen them. The producers were revelers, extreme characters, great gamblers, willing to go a few rounds with anybody, as Cohn used to say. But their main concern was the studio. They allowed nothing to stand in the way. They were doers, managers. It was their life and passion.

Goldwyn had his own sense of humor. They say, of course, that he often knew what he was doing when he came out with those Goldwynisms, that they weren't all accidental. He was, I thought, a handsome man, fairly tall, beautifully dressed—such suits, shoes, and ties. He had, at times, a pixie charm. "Do you know what day it is today?" he said to us at lunch—we used to sit with him in his studio's dining room while he talked to us and held forth. We didn't know. "It's George Bernard Shaw's birthday today," he said. He wanted us, after lunch, to go back to our rooms, to stop whatever we were doing and read Shaw, each of us to pick out a separate play, in homage. Goldwyn talked on Shaw that day—his fame, his industriousness, his plays a hit all over the world, commercially and artistically. Goldwyn had gone to England and sought out the playwright at his home in the country, pursuing him for the rights to one of his plays—with no success at all. This was long before *My Fair Lady*, the sensation it made, an all-time smash, under other management.

"Never trust a vegetarian," Goldwyn told us. "Not one of them is honest. In the middle of the night when nobody is looking and everybody is sleeping, they go down to the kitchen and take

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out a piece of chicken or steak from the refrigerator and eat. They do this all the time."

Sy Bartlett, a seasoned, well-known Hollywood figure, a screenwriter, took me one night to the small, private club which Preston Sturges maintained. The club, whose existence most people didn't know about, was on a rise, on one of the tiny sidestreets above Sunset Boulevard. It was a walk-up, hidden away, the outside staircase covered with bougainvillea, and was modeled after a New York City speakeasy of the period, the setting of Sturges's Broadway hit play *Strictly Dishonorable*. There was a dark entry hall, a peephole in the door. The lighting was dim; no more than four or five men were in the place, gambling at baccarat. The night Bartlett and I were there, a young woman, flawlessly turned out, with the professional showgirl's stunning presence and composure, was sitting at a side table close by her husband, who was one of the group gambling. She was five-feet-seven, seven-and-a-half. I still remember her. She wore a gray tailored suit, without a blouse. "I'm not com-fit-abil," she said at intervals, but her husband didn't take his eyes off the cards coming out of the shoe, and ignored her without a flicker. Sturges wasn't on the premises. I didn't see him, but the place itself was enough to give me a notion of the nature of this fastidious man, that he should think up such a quaint testimonial to himself, a speakeasy in honor of his play, and keep it going, even though hardly anyone knew where it was or heard of it. It was a compulsion in him, an oddity of style, the act they all put on and elaborated, just as, for that matter, Sy Bartlett, who had brought me to the club, felt it was incumbent on him, as one of the grand men of the community, to take me around and show me the high spots. People were drawn to Hollywood from all parts of the country, from foreign countries. They were starting out afresh, with their own customs, their own ideas of personality. They had the need or chance to set themselves up and stand out, and they worked so faithfully on the impersonation they had chosen for themselves that the impersonation became the actuality and all they were; there was nothing else. Bartlett himself had an old-world courtliness to him, a studied formality. His background was unclear—White Russian, Chicago, gangsters. He wore tab-collar shirts with the tie pulled tight at the throat, was glassy-eyed, his face pitted or scarred and florid in coloring; his coarse, exceedingly wavy, bushy hair was plastered down. At lunch in the commissary, he commanded the room; eyes turned to him. He impressed us with his grooming, the jewelry he wore, the sterling silver apple-corer he carried with him for the apple he ate each day to keep regular. He made a big thing of the shops and establishments he patronized—the barbering, his haberdasher (Oviatt's), his tailor (Eddie Schmidt), the sweatbox at the Athletic Club (I went with him once, just to see the place—a private, businessman's facility on a floor high up in an office building), the sessions with his masseur. At Warner Brothers, Mark Hellinger had the studio carpenters build him a cubicle behind his private office for a hideaway, a lair, and set himself up as a remote, behind-the-scenes character. Like the romantic British author early in the century who traveled with his personal case of anthracite coal (to make sure he'd be kept warm), Hellinger, when he went out for the evening, took along with him a satchel with his own personal supply of brandy. He had a puckish, sly smile on his lips, a Broadway-style savvy and flash; he always wore a New York City midnight-blue shirt and pearly tie, and, when he went out, a hat, an article nobody in Los Angeles used. In the lair behind his private office, he spent his time hatching schemes and keeping busy. He gathered news. He had agents in the field, friends of his, people like Sidney Skolsky; they sent in reports, not necessarily about Hellinger himself, what someone or other said about him, but news in general, about big events back home in New York or notables in Hollywood, so that he'd be the first to know. From his lair, he organized bogus lotteries among the people working on the set in his productions, or he handled their horse bets for them, booking the bets himself and doctoring the results, as he did with the lotteries, which was his way of dropping off little packets of money on the individuals he had picked out to surprise. I was mostly at Warners in the beginning, and the shenanigans and excesses that went on there were the same on the other lots. The people who came in from the Eastern cities and Europe brought a vivacity with them. In a sense, we were all wide-eyed newcomers. Not far from where I live now there used to be the legendary Garden of Allah. It was a hotel, a spread of hotel bungalows without a central hotel building, just bungalows. Robert Benchley lived there, other brilliant wits and cheerful souls like him, other writers from the *New Yorker* who had gotten away. They were hilarious, good drinkers. The place had a reputation. I seem to remember there was more than one swimming pool on the grounds—this was a little even before my time—and there were reports of bacchanals in the night and other such goings on. A place of dreams and fancies. It's gone now, the swimming pool or pools, too. The fanciful name came from Alla Nazimova, a classic international beauty and actress. She set the place up or had owned it. There's a parking lot there now, a shopping center, a savings and loan.

I was at Warners for about three years before the war, World War II, and another year or so after, maybe more. Each studio seemed to pick up a coloration or style of its own and was known for it. Warners was supposed to be hard-driving, speedy. They played softball at Paramount and

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had refrigerators in the writers' buildings. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was the top, the Bank of England—the posh British writers, Joe Pasternak's talented Hungarians, the New York City Broadway playwrights. I don't remember what Twentieth Century-Fox and Columbia's designations were, but they both had one. Fox played softball against Paramount; Columbia, on Gower Street, was identified with the Gulch, the Gower Gulch—cowboys and extras waiting for calls on the sidewalk outside the studio. We had a good list at Warners: Raoul Walsh, Hellinger, W.R. Burnet, John Huston, Irwin Shaw, William Faulkner, Frederick Faust, Al Bezzerides, the marvelous Epstein brothers. The Epsteins were the leaders on the lot, prime troublemakers; they worked up complicated jokes and excitements. In one stretch they had four smashes in a row: *Casablanca*; *Yankee Doodle Dandy*; my favorite, *Strawberry Blonde*, with Cagney, Rita Hayworth, De Havilland, and Jack Carson; and *Four Daughters*, with John Garfield and the Lane sisters, the picture that made Garfield a star. The Epsteins couldn't seem to miss. Nobody believed they could miss. At one time they were trying to get out of their contract with Jack Warner. They read a heap of stuff out of the morning newspaper to their secretary. She turned it in and in time the word came back from the front office—the boys have done it again!

I WORKED with Faulkner at Warners. Jerry Wald put me in with him. How this came about, this sudden collaboration, one of Wald's fast ideas—Wald was the locomotive on the lot. He made a good number of the pictures the studio turned out, and was always on the run. He was afraid Faulkner would be too literary or artistic for the work to be done, so he teamed me up with him as a leavening influence, to show him the ropes and educate him; so, in effect, I was supposed to do for Faulkner what Mushy had been supposed to do for me. I couldn't get close to him. It was my fault. I was intimidated. He would walk down the studio path, erect, wearing a tight blue double-breasted sports blazer that was too small for him, always, alas, the same blue jacket, looking straight ahead, his face showing absolutely nothing. There was a silent, secret tumult going on in that man. I'm positive I was right about that. Al Bezzerides took over with him. Al took care of him, drove him around—Faulkner had no car—did what he could to help make him comfortable in the horrible motel room he lived in while he worked at Warners. The motel was on the Cahuenga Pass, on the way to Warners in Burbank, right alongside the steaming traffic of the Hollywood Freeway, or what later became absorbed into the Hollywood Freeway. Al urged me to cotton to Faulkner and be friends with him. Al was big and hearty and loving—as he still is—and could get along with anybody. I was from Brooklyn and Faulkner from Oxford, Mississippi, and I was devastated by a paralyzing awe I had for his novels and short stories. I didn't know how to talk to him. One Saturday after work—people used to work half days on Saturdays—I drove Faulkner to the factory district in downtown Los Angeles. He was having something made to order, a suitcase—it was for a present for somebody—but he couldn't get it done the way he wanted. I think the trouble was with the monogram; the initials weren't satisfactory. Faulkner and the workmen couldn't understand each other. The workmen finally got it through that they didn't do monograms in that section, that we had to go to another part of the factory, to have the initials removed and the proper ones applied. We were high up in the lofts of the buildings and it was a maze—the workrooms in this factory cut through the walls of the adjoining buildings, and we wandered from point to point in that great hollow space. We couldn't find the monogram department and none of the workmen would tell us. They didn't know what we wanted. It became nightmarish. It finally got to me and I'm ashamed to say I bolted and left Faulkner high and dry—one of those things you later force yourself not to think about.

The assignment for Faulkner and me was to do some rewriting on a picture that was already shooting and in trouble. Raoul Walsh was the director. The time was short and Walsh did most of the rewriting himself before Faulkner and I could get into it. The picture was based on one of Eric Ambler's spy thrillers, *Background to Danger*.

METRO bought a *Collier's* story of mine and wanted me to come out and work on the screenplay—that was how I got to Hollywood; it was part of the sale. I had been writing commercial short stories for some years at the time—this was after I had stopped writing novels, after I had stopped teaching. It started with the sale of a short story to the *Saturday Evening Post*, the first one I attempted for a mass-circulation magazine—they sent me an acceptance and the check ten days or two weeks after the story was submitted to them. We were living in Saratoga Springs when all this happened. I had been teaching school as what was known in those days as a Permanent Substitute, a classification the Board of Education had installed during the Depression. It was a beautiful, happy school—in Brighton Beach, Brooklyn, P.S. 225—but people don't understand what hard work teaching is under the best of conditions. You're up there on stage doing five hours, performing. When the Board of Education finally got around to appointing me—with permanent tenure, starting at fourth-year salary on the payscale—I took the occasion to turn them down and leave teaching. I guess I was afraid of getting locked in. I wanted to be a full-time writer. I asked

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the publisher I had for an advance, so that I would have something to live on, and went on working on what would have been my fourth novel. The publisher, in his good time, told me he would give me no advance. He said it was against his policy. This publisher one cold winter gave the star writer on his list a used, worn overcoat. So I wrote the story for the *Post*. It was about wrestling. I called it "Elephants With Shoes." It sold. I broke up the novel I had been working on into three or four short stories, the stories from the broken-up novel sold, other stories too, and all was well, the reprieve we get. I wrote stories mainly for *Collier's* and the *New Yorker*. We moved to a farmhouse in Pennsylvania—we had a child by then—and got ourselves settled in. We didn't want to go to California. As it turned out, we really hadn't had to. The agent I had then had worked a ruse to get us out. He met us at the station in Pasadena and laughed at us as we got off the train. Twentieth Century-Fox had wanted the story, too, the agent said, and had even been willing to pay a little more, but they didn't want me as part of the deal, so he had closed with Metro. "Oh, Jim, why did you tell him?" my wife said, as I started railing at him.

We rented a house for three months, and then for another three months. I went from Metro to Warners, was kept on contract there, and we stayed on. A number of other writers started here in the same way. They'd come out to work on a book or play they had sold, intending to do just the one assignment, and then they'd go from studio to studio and make their home here permanently.

SOMETIME in the 20's, the singer Ruth Etting was involved in a turbulent relationship with her so-called gangster-type manager (I don't think he was a gangster at all), a man with a badly crippled leg, Moe "The Gimp" Snyder. The relationship ended in a shooting at a house in the Hollywood Hills, in which the second man in the triangle suffered a flesh wound, and in a scandal that became the basis for *Love Me or Leave Me*, a sizable hit movie, which still holds up, is talked about for remakes, and is alive. That was Cagney, Cagney and Joe Pasternak, the man who succored Hungarians. Pasternak was a top pro producer, an all-around human being, as he still is. He stayed away and yet controlled every part of the script. The ending is his. Pasternak and I had our offices on the same floor in the building, the Thalberg Building at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and he would stick his head in the door as he went flashing by. "How can you sit there doing nothing?" he called out to me from the door. "I'm not doing nothing. I'm thinking," I said. "Don't you get bored?" he said, and kept going. A friend of mine, who also worked at Metro and often dropped in, one day broke out in a fit of feeling for me, unable to stand the sight of me laboring over the story—that I was exhausting myself for nothing; that the story was hopeless, downbeat; it would never be made; the script would go straight on the shelf. My friend and I kept seeing each other over the years. We never mentioned the incident.

A strange thing happened along the way on this assignment. I had been given a beat-up mass of old Ruth Etting newspaper clippings as source material and it took me a while to work up a story line. We sent the story treatment upstairs, and while I was waiting to hear from them and go on with the screenplay, an agent walked into my office—this man had considerable clout on the lot through a major family connection—and told me straight out he was going to knock me off the assignment for one of his clients, letting me know in advance of the dirty work he was going to do behind my back. I've often wondered about this peculiar confession and what to make of it. What did he think he was doing? He looked at me and sadly searched my face, as if with pity for the harm he would be causing me. I think it must have been plain stupidity, a seizure of senselessness. Such things happen. I mentioned the visit to Lazar, my agent, which I knew was all I had to do. Lazar went ice-cold with anger at the insult to him personally in the matter. The relative never had a chance.

The picture was originally intended to center around the singer; the working title was *The Ruth Etting Story*. But as we got into the work, Pasternak and I were soon taken with the character of the man, the so-called gangster. The emotion went with him and it was what we had to have if the audience was to follow the story line and be held. After many delays and disappointments and much involved dickering, Pasternak managed to secure Cagney for the part. Cagney made the picture what it was. In the end, you're at the mercy of the actor who speaks the lines. I never discussed the story with Cagney or talked to him. I never met him. The writer, as may be known, is long gone by the time they get to shoot his script. I once caught sight of him standing by himself in front of a hotel on Central Park South. It was very early morning. My wife and I were in a cab on the way to the airport, going home after a trip to New York. The street was empty. The sidewalk was swept clean. He was at the curb, no doubt waiting for a driver to bring a car around. He had a smile on his face and was obviously enjoying the quiet and the fresh morning air. The sun was sparkling and in that light he looked angelic.

THE things that went on, the thieving and conniving. You lived with it. *Love Me or Leave Me*, in particular, had an unsavory history, if the truth were known, and I guess that's why the encounter with the agent came to mind. But you get absorbed in the picture-making itself. It's a large-scale, generous art or occupation, and you're grateful to be part of it.

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When I look back, I think of a picture we made a dozen years before *Love Me or Leave Me—The Hard Way*, at Warners. Vincent Sherman, who directed the picture, was and is a good friend. I was still at the studio, working on another assignment, while he shot the picture. He let me come down to the set as often as I liked and it was there, looking on, that I got the feel of the business and became permanently attracted. Irwin Shaw was mixed up in this picture too, although you won't see his name on the credits. Jerry Wald made up the story. He would drop in on us at the writers' building, try out the story, improving it from office to office, and it's remarkable how the finished picture is basically what he worked up and shaped on these excursions. He gave the assignment to Irwin Shaw, who wrote the first draft. Something happened. The studio wanted changes, Shaw refused to make them, took off and left town, and the script went on the shelf. It stayed there for six months. Sherman and I were looking around for something to do. We asked for the assignment, got the script off the shelf, worked on it, and in time showed our final draft to Shaw. He hated it. Shaw and I went back to Brooklyn together, to the days when I was teaching grade school and he was writing for radio, but he told me we had mangled his work and ruined it. He laughed and laughed in the wonderful hearty way he had, whacked us both on the shoulder, told us he wanted to have nothing to do with us, wished us the best of luck, and left town again. He told his agent to get his name off the project.

What impressed me about the people on the set as I looked on was the intensity with which they worked. In the late afternoons, which was when I would go down there, it seemed a mood came over them—a group of people huddled in a corner in the barn of the sound stage, lost in what they were doing, oblivious to the world. On one of the early sessions, I watched Joan Leslie and had to smile, entranced by the way she gathered herself together, the way she drove herself into the impersonation of the part—this when she was hardly out of her teens or perhaps still in them. They were artists or talented people—the photographers, set designers, editors, and others whose names you see on the credit lists. They worked with the assiduity and worry of artists, putting in the effort to secure the effect needed by the story, to go further than that and enhance the story, and not mar it. In the early session I referred to, the scene—played by Leslie and Ida Lupino—takes place in the grimy kitchen of their home in the steel-making city the two sisters live in and want with all their hearts to escape. The griminess of the setting was essential, it was what the script called for, but I felt it would repel the audience just as it depressed me, and I said something of this to the cameraman, who was James Wong Howe. "I'll do something. You'll see," he said. What he did, I saw later, was to produce a softness; the kitchen was still there but hidden and not there. The black-and-white glossiness centered instead on Lupino and Leslie, casting a vagary over their faces and bodies, making them beautiful and their desire poignant—which is as good an example of what I can find to show what I mean here (which may also show why moviemakers object to "colorization"). James Agee, in his review of the picture for the *Nation*, gave special attention to the photography and praised it.

The moviemaker has to hold the whole line of the story in his mind—just as the good novelist holds the whole novel in his head—but the chore with the movie is much more onerous since we shoot in fragments, out of continuity, and the balances and values go flying and grow lost. *The Hard Way* was particularly troublesome because the story is average, with no strong central line to follow: Lupino strives and struggles for Leslie, ruins Leslie, ruins Leslie's husband (Jack Carson), and, in the end, herself and her hopes. The story is aimless, witless, an accident in the making, and would take us nowhere—except for the providential presence of Dennis Morgan in the cast. This is an enigma to me, a storytelling mystery. Morgan has nothing whatever to do with the plot. He is in no way involved with the people in the triangular action. He is ever the bystander, sometimes uttering a rueful word of warning to his vaudeville partner Carson, most often just looking on with understanding and forgiveness as the human drama unfolds. And yet he controls the picture. What is it? Morgan makes you believe he is part of the milieu, but you know he doesn't belong there, that some warp of fortune has put him in with these people and that he is superior to them; and it is, I think, the innate grace and courtesy in this cool, elegant actor—the thing that was born in him—that gives the picture its point and sorrow.

The picture had a nice success; it is the one I am fond of. People liked it. During the war, in the flurry of military orders and mix-ups, Irwin Shaw and I fell in with one another for an hour or so in Paris. He told me they had just shown the picture to his outfit in the ETO and so he had finally seen it. He said he still hated it, but when I asked him how the show went over with the men in the outfit, his whole face broke out in a grin. "They loved it!" he said, laughing and laughing, against himself, happy for me, for Wald, for Sherman and our success. "They went crazy over it and ate it up," he said. He was a grand man. It is a wrench to think that he is gone. He was honorable, to be looked up to—a "delectable mountain," to use the phrase in the French novel by Alain Fournier, *The Wanderer.*

For a long time I carried around with me the setup for a novel about a woman, an actress—perhaps the woman I recognized that day in the street and who I thought

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recognized me, too, as she went past, crying—who, in a spate of despair, after many husbands, many mistakes, can only go seeking refuge with the wife, or ex-wife—now the owner of a Palm Springs hotel resort—of the man the actress once lived with and took away from her. My idea with this novel was to write it in such a way that it would be, not fiction, but the concealed, inside fact behind the fiction—the actuality that readers avidly search between the lines of the text to discover for themselves, dispensing with the fiction. The book, *West of the Rockies,* was a failure. It didn't do what I wanted for it. I turned back to the novel because I thought it was a great story. I had had it with me for years and finally decided to write it. I won't say how much time I spent in writing it. I never knew many movie actresses but I knew people who did and I've heard the stories. These actresses are vigorous characters; there is so much, so much to be had, that when it slips away from them, the breakdowns can be intense and absorbing to follow. While I was trying out this story in my mind, I would think of a screenwriter friend of mine, a paraplegic, from polio, now thirty years dead. His boat, which he kept at Newport Beach and ran down to Ensenada and LaPaz, was his legs. His apartment was fitted out as a ship's cabin. When the movie-writing jobs failed and he lost the boat, the apartment, the Lincoln Continentals, he refused to bear it and took his life, fumbling once, succeeding the second time. There was no contest, no hope, in my screenwriter friend, so I exchanged him for the actress, whom I called Adele Hogue, and worked up a licorice-bitter story of a man, Burt Claris, who is drawn to use her in her fright or, in fact and as he soon suspects, is drawn by Hogue herself to use her. It's a good story. Maybe, in twenty years.

WHAT makes a story good? How do we manage it? What is the secret elixir that we must look for, the thing that gives a story life? I'm no good with these speculations, with literary theories in the abstract, and am uneasy in talking about them. What use are they? Does anybody benefit from them? Half the time I think we don't really know what we're talking about. There is the story Professor Morris Cohen at City College used to tell, to show, I suppose, the frailty of ideas, how exasperatingly elusive and unsatisfactory they are—the Jewish tailor whistles Dixie and then says to the Devil, taunting him, can you sew a button on that? O, these Jews, forever seeking. There is the line, the story-line, the line of action, the run, the continuity, the plot, the mystery of form, the razzle-dazzle from the beginning to the ending—it is the same in movies or the novel. At City College there was this little fellow with his heavy violin case always banging at his knees. He played in ships' orchestras; he went out from cruise to cruise and I never knew how he managed to fit in his schedule of classes, but he did. He wrote a piece for the college literary paper, *The Lavender,* in which he said it all boiled down to the melodic line. He was writing about music, but it's the same for me for fiction. It's the melodic line—when it all comes together, when it sings. I wrote in an account years ago that I thought a good story was so hard to come by that you didn't really write it; that it existed, that it was out there, somewhere, and you found it. I once said to a famous editor—he has more books dedicated to him than any other man I know, living or dead—that I thought a good story was a matter of luck. He dusted me off, said I was speaking nonsense. Of course he was right. But maybe there is room for my idea too. When Irwin Shaw came out with that sun-splashed piece of wizardry, "The Girls in their Summer Dresses," and I asked him about it, he was honestly taken aback. He was honestly puzzled. His words, as I recall them, were: "I don't know. I write the story. If it's not good, then I write another." Joseph Mankiewicz, whose work I respect, said in an interview that the most electrifying thing happens in the movie-house when you give them the truth. I know what he meant. I have been there. Of course, he didn't mean the word "truth" literally. He meant the indivisible, the indissectible, the stab, the catch at the heart, the indefinable. You know when you have it. It has sometimes happened to me, and at night, when I can't sleep, I will recite the story to myself passage after passage, word after word; I believe there isn't a writer who hasn't done the same. Here is an example of the perfection I look for. My granddaughter, eleven, writes to my wife: "Don't tell Grandpa, because I don't want him to worry, because I have a little cold and a rash on my neck. Actually, you can tell him. I feel much better." This is wonderment. The "rash on my neck. . . ." The calm. The naturalness. It's enough to make you believe in prayer.

I GET phone calls—an admirer, unknown to me, in San Francisco, another in Cleveland, young writers at universities, solicitous and polite. They ask, shyly, am I currently writing? Better than ever, I tell them. I've got hold of it. They think I'm joking, making conversation, but I'm completely serious.

It troubles me readers may think I embroidered the story, in my paragraph on Richler, of the Molnar benefactor. No, the account is true, as is the one of the winter overcoat the publisher gave his best writer.

A visitor to Hollywood—in a personal essay I wrote—asks me how much I was paid for a screenplay I had worked on. This is what started off Richler in his remark about me in his book review. I wrote, in my essay, that we never like to

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say what we are paid—"Because it's seldom as much as they think it is, and they will be disappointed. Because it is too much, lavish beyond anything they earn in two years or three, and they will only be sick again." I had no awareness that, in writing these lines, I was boasting. I myself was in the low screenwriter salary brackets, certainly not in the first or second echelons, and it would not have occurred to me consciously to brag about the money I made. Of course, this may be the worst kind of bragging.

Richler was on the Dick Cavett television show a short time after his review appeared. He tried to make amends for his ungracious remark about me. He meant well. He found a way of injecting my name in the course of the interview with Cavett, and was going on to say I was a good writer, but stumbled over my name, and then, instead of moving on, stopped to correct himself, only to mispronounce the name again, and—some viewers told me—for a third time and a fourth, thus unwittingly plagiarizing the invention in Edmund Wilson's Hecate County story of Spike Milholland, who underwent a similar convulsion on television.

I used the Graham Greene quotation in an article published in 1971; the Joseph Mankiewicz quotation in another, earlier article.

Two recent accounts of Faulkner's life (Tom Dardis, the section in *The Thirsty Muse*; Frederick R. Karl, *William Faulkner: American Writer*) throw light on an elaborate fraudulent role Faulkner created for himself after World War I—that he had been a Royal Air Force pilot, had been shot down in France, had been badly wounded, that he wore a silver plate in his head. This surprised me. In a rare, brief social conversation with him (I can recall only one other, very brief, such occasion), Faulkner told me freely, unasked, that he had had heroic notions as a young man in Mississippi, had gone up to Canada to enlist and train as a war pilot, had promptly crashed his training plane, and "got a wood splinter in my ass seven inches long, which was the total extent of my career as a flight officer and my contribution to the war." (I paraphrase as best I can, from memory.)

Frederick Faust, who also wrote under the name Max Brand and, I believe, other names too, came on at Warners while Faulkner was there, and the two became friends or, at least, were seen walking down the studio paths, going to lunch together, Faust, thoughtful and adult in manner, Faulkner, as usual, stone-faced. They both carried those old-time tin lunch boxes, the ones with the thermos bottle clamped to the underside of the lids. Faulkner and Faust's thermos bottles contained whiskey. After Faulkner finished on the lot and they were cleaning out his office, they found his old rocking-chair in the room and, in the drawers of his desk, clutters of empty pint whiskey bottles.

Faust went to the war from Warners and was killed in the fighting. I went into the Navy at the end of 1943 and was assigned, after recruit training in San Diego, to the OSS, the cloak-and-dagger intelligence agency. During the period of indoctrination, a group of us were assembled in a projection room in Washington and were shown a film, to help orient us in the field of espionage. The film was *Background to Danger*, the one Faulkner and I had worked on.

The story, set in Istanbul, was intricately plotted, and the picture, as I've said, already shooting, was giving us a great deal of trouble and worry. We were packed in Jerry Wald's office one day, talking fast, each of us pitching ideas, trying to figure out what to do and how to grab hold of the problem. "Ah know what's the matter with this story," Faulkner said. We all held up as if a gunshot had gone off, and waited. "Too much runnin' around," Faulkner said.

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Britain: Under the Iron (High) Heel?

John O'Sullivan

Is liberty in Britain—and especially freedom of speech and of the press—under threat from an authoritarian government and a domineering Prime Minister? This is an allegation made with increasing certitude by British politicians, writers, and journalists of a Left-liberal inclination, and listened to with increasing horror by liberal Anglophiles on this side of the Atlantic. From Mrs. Miniver's England to "Margaret Thatcher's Britain" is, it seems, a journey from the open air of freedom to, if not the prison cell, then at least the interrogation room. And though British policemen used to be thought wonderful, British thought policemen are not.

Harold Pinter on the subject sounds like a character from one of his own plays: "The power of the police to do whatever they like is extraordinary. . . . The people are bewildered, undermined, fearful, lost. . . . Phones are bugged. I know people under surveillance."

Pinter's fellow-dramatist, John Mortimer, the creator of *Rumpole,* is hardly less apocalyptic: ". . . censorship has emerged far more blatantly and can be seen as the determination of government to stifle unconventional opinions, criticism which it finds unwelcome, facts which it finds embarrassing or—and this can be seen most clearly in the plans for the future of the BBC and the independent television companies—to dismantle institutions which it feels unable to dominate."

Lord (Roy) Jenkins, a leading member of the centrist Democrats (recently formed from a merger of the Liberals and the Social Democrats) and a former Home Secretary in a Labor government, is more moderate in his criticism: "Freedom to make profit is sacred, but freedom from censorship or for unorthodox views or behavior is vulnerable." But Duncan Campbell, the famous investigative journalist, interprets Margaret Thatcher's alleged hostility to press freedom (and himself) more darkly: ". . . security forces are being given greater license, and the deliberate suppression of investigative journalism plays a major role in facilitating state counterterrorism."

Such views have found a ready acceptance among London's Left intelligentsia, particularly journalists, who sometimes seem to take a professional pride in being repressed. The magazine *Index on Censorship* devoted a special issue to liberty under Thatcher—the first such issue to be devoted to the affairs of a democratic country. Critics of the government, borrowing from Soviet dissidents, founded a newsletter entitled *Samizdat.* (One is reminded of Kingsley Amis's definition of the underground press—"newspapers sold outside Underground stations.") In a similar spirit, modeled this time on Czech dissidents, the leftist weekly, the *New Statesman,* midwifed Charter 88, "to demand political, civil, and *human* rights in the United Kingdom" (emphasis added). It was signed by, among others, the novelist Martin Amis, the actress Dame Peggy Ashcroft, and the biographer Lady Antonia Fraser (all of whom are still at liberty and on television).

Soon the bad news crossed the Atlantic. Professor Ronald Dworkin of Oxford, himself an American and well-known in the United States as a legal philosopher, had written in *Index on Censorship:* "Liberty is ill in Britain. . . . The sad truth is that the very *concept* of liberty . . . is being challenged and corroded by the Thatcher government." It was true, Dworkin conceded, that Mrs. Thatcher's challenge to freedom "had nothing to do with totalitarian despotism." Its character was altogether less impressive—"a more mundane but still corrupting insensitivity to liberty."

Another American, James Atlas, returned from a flying visit to report in the Sunday New York *Times Magazine* that "to hear people talk, England in 1988 was Prague in 1977." Not to be outdone, the *New York Review of Books* invited Peter Jenkins, the distinguished British political correspondent, to consider the question of Britain's disappearing liberty, but he may have disappointed his hosts by the moderation of his criticism and the skepticism he applied to the prevailing alarmism. So the *Columbia Journalism Review* took no risks; it invited Duncan Campbell to do his turn. He duly obliged with: ". . . in the Britain of the future, if the government murders environmentalists and destroys their property, . . . or bugs and burgles the political opposition, . . . or sends poison-pen letters and hate mail to civil-rights activists, no one shall be

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permitted to know." Finally, Mrs. Thatcher's jackboots made an unfashionable appearance in *Vanity Fair* when Gail Sheehy, in her profile of the Prime Minister, wrote: "People I interviewed complained of their phones being bugged, their mail being opened, but declined to go on the record for fear they would lose their government funding." In short, the British people groan under the iron (high) heel.

Now it is important to note that those of us who reject such charges are not saying that Mrs. Thatcher and her Ministers are passionate advocates of a Freedom of Information Act (they plainly are not), or that official secrecy in Britain is not excessive (it plainly is), or that tensions between the government and the broadcasting authorities are not often fierce (they plainly are). Yet all these criticisms could have been leveled with perfect accuracy against previous governments, both Labor and Conservative. A more reasonable critic, the former editor of the *New Statesman*, John Lloyd, has said of the Thatcher government: "Its sporadic but sharp intolerance of press revelation follows no clearly sinister path, but seems to proceed from . . . a lack of interest in liberalizing and opening out the mechanisms and decisions of government at least as marked as any of its predecessors." The point at issue, however, is not whether Mrs. Thatcher's government has a record roughly similar to that of its predecessors, but whether it has a much worse one which deserves such extreme descriptions as "corrupting" and "corrosive" of liberty.

There are four main counts in the indictment, the first of which involves Peter Wright's book *Spycatcher*. In that book Wright, a disaffected former employee of MI5, the British counter-intelligence service, describes his efforts to prove that its former head, Sir Roger Hollis, was a Soviet spy, and also his own participation in a conspiracy of MI5 agents to bring down the Labor government of Harold Wilson whom they suspected of being a Soviet agent of influence. Such a book would be so plainly open to a successful prosecution in Britain under the Official Secrets Act (which dates from 1911, somewhat before Margaret Thatcher came on the scene) that Wright in 1985 gave it to a publishing company in Australia where he now lives.

Over the next three years there was a rash of trials and injunctions as the British government sought both to prevent publication of *Spycatcher* in Australia and the printing of extracts from it in newspapers in Britain. These came to an end when the House of Lords, the highest British court, lifted all restraints on publication on the ground that—*Spycatcher* having already appeared in the United States and also having been passed for publication by the Australian High Court—there was no point in locking the stable door after the horse had manifestly bolted.

Thus the bare facts. What, however, do they signify for this argument?

The first point to grasp is that, as regards the original decision to suppress *Spycatcher* by legal action, no British government would have acted differently. British governments of every political color have taken the position that the intelligence agencies should remain secret, even to the somewhat ludicrous extent of not officially admitting the existence of the secret service (MI6). Indeed, earlier governments resorted to the Official Secrets Act to prevent or punish much lesser breaches than were committed by *Spycatcher* in allegedly revealing the inner workings of, and some of the most damaging episodes in, the most secret branches of British officialdom. For example, the Labor government of 1964-70, in which Lord Jenkins was a distinguished Minister, prosecuted a Tory candidate and a newspaper editor for revealing a military assessment of the Nigerian army!

Wright himself, living in Australia, was beyond the reach of prosecution under the Official Secrets Act. But there was a convenient precedent for acting against his book: the 1976 suit by the then-Labor government to prevent, on the civil grounds of confidentiality, publication of the diaries of a former Labor Cabinet Minister, Richard Crossman. Armed with that example, the Thatcher government duly took its stand on the principle that employees of MI5 owed the Crown a lifelong duty of confidentiality from which no other consideration could absolve them. And this principle was firmly upheld by Lord Keith in the House of Lords' final judgment:

> The work of a member of MI5 and the information which he acquires in the course of that work must necessarily be secret and confidential and be kept secret and confidential by him. *There is no room for discrimination between secrets of greater or lesser importance, nor any room for close examination of the precise manner in which revelation of any particular matter may prejudice the national interest. Any attempt to do so would lead to further damage.* All this has been accepted from beginning to end by each of the judges in this country who has had occasion to consider the case. . . . [Emphasis added]*

But what of the point that Wright had revealed serious misbehavior by MI5? Would not protec-

* Here I differ from Peter Jenkins who, in the *New York Review of Books*, argues that Lord Keith in fact imposed a "test of harm" with these words: "[A] government is not in a position to win the assistance of the court in restraining the publication of information imparted in confidence by it or its predecessors unless it can show that publication would be harmful to the public interest." That judgment, however, immediately precedes the sentences quoted in the text in which Lord Keith withdraws any apparent concession in regard to the security service, arguing that revelations by its members or former members are harmful to the public interest by their very nature.

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tion of secrets in such a case amount to a cover-up of wrongdoing? If a high value is placed on protecting official secrets, then allegations of MI5 misbehavior can be investigated only by internal procedures which must themselves be secret. Yet successive British governments of all political stripes have preferred the risk that such investigations will cover up misbehavior to the opposite one of allowing the widespread publication of intelligence secrets on the gambler's argument that some of them might halt or prevent a security scandal.*

Even as these questions were being debated, however, the case which had stimulated them became moot when Wright revealed in a television interview that he had grossly exaggerated MI5's conspiracy against Harold Wilson. To quote the report in the *Independent:*

> Mr. Wright then said that there had not been 30 conspirators in MI5 as stated in the book. He said: "I should think the maximum number was eight or nine." Very often when the dispute was discussed at the end of the day, when MI5 "management" had gone home, there were only three people present. . . .
>
> When pressed to say how many of the conspirators were really serious about the plot, he responded: "One, I should say. Really serious." He conceded that the part of the book which discussed the meat of the conspiracy was "unreliable."

Somehow or other, this report, although appearing almost five months before his own article came out in the New York *Times,* escaped James Atlas who wrote of *Spycatcher* that "it *does* contain some embarrassing revelations, among them an account of the campaign . . . to discredit Prime Minister Harold Wilson as a Soviet agent and drive him from office."

To sum up: the attempt to suppress *Spycatcher* was standard law and practice in Britain. Mrs. Thatcher differed from previous governments only in the persistence with which she defended the principle they have all embraced.

Mrs. Thatcher also differs in having carried into law a reform of the Official Secrets Act which several recent British governments have considered but at which they have balked. (It comes into force later this year.) This reform represents the second of the four main charges in the indictment against Mrs. Thatcher. Her critics maintain that the new Official Secrets Act will, as one of them has put it, "essentially do away with the 'harm' or public-interest defense, making the disclosure of government information a crime—no matter what kind or whether disclosing it would pose a danger."

This turns the facts on their heads. To begin with, the 1911 Official Secrets Act imposed no test of harm in prosecutions for publishing classified information. All that the authorities had to establish was that official information—*any* official information whatever—had been published. As against this, the new law contains three major changes.

First, large areas of government information have been removed from the protection of official-secrets legislation altogether. It will no longer cover most government business, let alone all.

Second, the government will now have to prove that the unauthorized disclosure of information would damage the public interest. Thus the "test of harm," far from being removed from official-secrecy law, is in truth introduced into it here for the first time. Only in the narrow and well-defined exceptions of disclosure by members of the intelligence services of information relating to their work, or of disclosure relating to special investigations carried out under a statutory warrant signed by the Home Secretary (i.e., telephone tapping), will the government not need to prove damage to the public interest. But since the government never had to prove damage before, that does not constitute a change for the worse.

Third, the government will now have to prove such harm to the satisfaction of a jury. Ministers will not simply be able to certify that harm had been done, as previous proposals for reform have suggested.

In other words, by any normal standard, the new law represents a liberalization rather than a tightening of official secrecy. The only ground for maintaining otherwise is Peter Jenkins's argument that the narrower and more reasonable the law, the more likely it is to result in successful prosecutions. But this is paradoxically to charge Mrs. Thatcher with being *too* liberal, which is not exactly the conclusion to which the logic of her critics normally leads.

It is broadcasting, however, where the logic of Mrs. Thatcher's critics goes most askew. Again, relations between governments and television were scenes of pitched battle long before Mrs. Thatcher arrived in Downing Street. Harold Wilson refused to be interviewed by the BBC for a long period, and both Labor and Tory governments in the 1970's applied behind-the-scenes pressure on the BBC not to transmit particular programs, generally programs on Northern Ireland. Where Mrs. Thatcher has departed from her predecessors is in her willingness to take *public* issue with the broadcasters on these matters.

This, indeed, is what Lord Bonham Carter, a former vice chairman of the BBC, singles out for

* New legislation before Parliament, which for the first time puts the security service on a statutory footing (i.e., admits its existence and lays down the ground rules for its operation), establishes among other safeguards an independent staff counselor to whom service members can take their complaints and who in turn has access to the Home Secretary and the Prime Minister.

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criticism. In an article in *Index on Censorship*, he discusses the controversy which began when Mrs. Thatcher's Home Secretary released to the press a letter to the BBC chairman seeking to cancel a program in which an advocate of IRA terrorism and an Ulster Loyalist extremist were to be interviewed. Lord Bonham Carter does not object too strongly to the Home Secretary's letter as such. "It is common practice for Ministers—and indeed members of the opposition," he tells us, "to ring up the director general, or the chairman of the board of governors, to protest about programs which they fear may be objectionable or contrary to the interests of the country or their party." But on this occasion, by releasing his letter to the press, the Home Secretary (so says Lord Bonham Carter) challenged the independence of the BBC. It is a curious notion, particularly coming from an advocate of openness, that private pressure is preferable to public criticism, and a still more curious one that the independence of the BBC is more subverted by honest debate than by the quiet masonry of establishment contacts.

Be that as it may, neither type of pressure has deterred the BBC from broadcasting interviews with terrorists and, earlier this year, in a real departure from established practice in Britain (and one that has supplied the material for the third of the major counts in the indictment against Mrs. Thatcher), the Home Secretary used his powers to prohibit such interviews. But while British practice can supply no precedent, there is a precedent of sorts from the neighboring Republic of Ireland where interviews with IRA terrorists have been banned since Conor Cruise O'Brien, who was then the Minister of Posts and Telecommunications, imposed the prohibition in the mid-70's.

I should at this point declare an intellectual interest. I have for the past decade been calling for the banning of television interviews with terrorists. A terrorist is an advocate of murder, and as I see it, advocacy of murder is, or should be, beyond the boundaries of acceptable public discussion. O'Brien goes further, arguing persuasively that such interviews constitute an actual incitement to murder: that the terrorist knows he would not receive flattering attention if he were not killing people; that therefore he must continue killing people in order to continue being treated as important; and that others who wish to receive similar flattery are themselves induced to embark upon a career of murder. Strong arguments would be needed on the other side to offset such palpable and serious dangers. What are they?

The justification commonly advanced is that "we need to know what these people think." But we invariably do know what they think long before they appear on television to tell us. Is anyone unaware of the aims and beliefs of the PLO, or of the IRA, or of the Red Brigades? Moreover, what they say on television is not necessarily what they think (which is much more accurately conveyed by what they do). It is sugared propaganda. Finally, even if we needed to know what the terrorist thought and could rely on his honesty in telling us, a straightforward report and analysis by the journalist himself would be a more efficient and reliable method of conveying such information. And it would not have the side-effect of conferring respectability upon murderers.

None of this is meant to suggest that a ban on terrorist interviews is not a restriction of free speech and journalistic inquiry. It obviously is. But it is a restraint that is legitimized by more important considerations. And to sacrifice these considerations to an absolutist view of free speech, as Mrs. Thatcher's critics do on this issue, is to exhibit what O'Brien has described as "unilateral liberalism . . . the kind of liberalism which is sensitive exclusively to threats to liberty seen as emanating from the democratic state itself, and is curiously phlegmatic about threats to liberty from the enemies of that state."

In short, in the single case where Mrs. Thatcher has imposed or extended a form of censorship, she has acted with considerable justification and from motives that have nothing to do with restricting unpopular opinions as commonly understood.

LIBERTY of a different kind is at issue in the still sketchy proposals to reform the broadcasting system (which brings us to the fourth main count in the indictment). These proposals are designed to widen the freedom of the consumer to choose from a greater number and variety of television networks (ground-based, cable, satellite, etc.) while keeping "porno-tv" at bay. In place of the existing Independent Broadcasting Authority (IBA), which "awards" franchises to commercial television companies on arbitrary judgments of quality, there is to be an Independent Television Corporation (ITC), which will auction franchises to the highest bidders (with quality safeguards). And to ensure that unregulated TV does not beam into decent British homes the terrifying spectacle of Italian housewives taking their clothes off, a Broadcasting Standards Council (BSC) has been established.

The proposals are certainly open to criticism. The BSC, for instance, could develop either as a reasonable ombudsman for viewers currently ignored by the broadcasters, or into a slightly absurd Grundyesque body straight from one of those old Ealing comedies, with fatuous vicars, earnest civil servants, and puritanical lady aldermen deprecating vulgar language and censuring the untoward appearance of a backside on prime time. Even so, this new system of regulation is, as it happens, lighter and less intrusive—in a word, more liberal—than the existing IBA, which enjoys both powers of economic regulation *and* a legal responsibility, backed up by powers of prior restraint, to ensure that programs do not offend standards

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of taste and decency. The new ITC's oversight will be confined to broad guidelines covering diversity and quality, and the BSC will have neither influence over the future disposition of television franchises nor power to ban particular programs.

But it is not so much these particular proposals as Mrs. Thatcher's plans for deregulation and wider choice in television which have attracted the sharpest criticism, generally on the ground that greater choice will mean fewer people watching the established "duopoly" of BBC and IBA. Lord Bonham Carter sees this as "an attempt to erode the authority of these two bodies which have so long been guardians of the independence of broadcasters." Brian Wenham, a former BBC mandarin, opposes greater choice because, with four television channels already operating, "the broadcasting market is already well-deployed, if not yet wholly saturated." And John Mortimer equates greater choice with a vision of "thirty-seven third-rate channels peddling thirty-seven similar varieties of rubbish"—a destructive reform inspired by a desire "to dismantle" and "break up" the BBC because it provides serious controversy and embarrasses the government.

Mortimer's criticism shows his hand. He objects to greater diversity of programming and opinion because it would dilute the influence of a semi-monopoly whose political values and artistic standards he finds congenial. And it is, of course, true that the more channels there are, the less influential any one channel is likely to be. But would a distinguished civil-rights lawyer like John Mortimer really support a policy to close down all newspapers except the *Guardian* and the *Independent* on the ground that the average quality of the press would then rise? And if he did, would he feel entitled to call himself a liberal and denounce those in favor of a multiplicity of newspapers as authoritarians bent on undermining his two favorite newspapers by depriving them of their rightful readers? And if he did that too, would he expect to be taken seriously as a critic of other people's despotic tendencies?

Once again, ironically, if there is a liberal in this particular argument, it is Mrs. Thatcher with her deregulatory willingness to trust the viewers to choose wisely.*

It is, thus, simply false to suggest that the state of British liberty has grown worse under Mrs. Thatcher compared to previous governments, or that she is hostile to free speech. Why then do so many writers, academics, journalists, artists, television directors, and portable all-purpose intellectuals denounce her in such strident terms? What makes grown men and women declare that they are living in the darkness of an authoritarian regime that is steadily snuffing out what remains of traditional liberties? Why do people whose experience of life's hardships is confined to a state-subsidized university education and a trainee producership at the BBC compare their plight with that of Soviet and Czech dissidents who have been imprisoned, beaten, subjected to psychiatric torture, worked almost to death in labor camps, dismissed from their professional posts, forced to take demeaning jobs for the express purpose of being humiliated, exiled to remote towns far from their family and friends, deprived of medical care when they were desperately ill, and in general treated worse than even the lowest criminals are treated in a civilized society?

It will not suffice for the signatories of Charter 88 or the editors of *Samizdat* to reply, as they do, that they make no claim of enduring oppression on the scale suffered by Václav Havel or Andrei Sakharov. For that is precisely the claim they made when they gave their organizations those names.

One possible explanation is that these people do not really believe what they say—a hypothesis which gained plausibility when the Ayatollah Khomeini pronounced a sentence of death on Salman Rushdie for his novel *The Satanic Verses*. Rushdie himself had been no slouch in the anti-Thatcher agitation. He was a signatory to Charter 88. And he took a generally dark view of what Britain and the West mean in the world, telling readers of the *Nation* in 1986: "In my British incarnation, I have America's bombs for neighbors and could find myself in the absurd position of dying for Ronald Reagan." In the event, of course, the threat came from another source. When it did, there was a rallying of the Left intelligentsia to demand that the British government should protect Rushdie, issue a strong protest to the Iranian government, and defend the continued publication of *The Satanic Verses* against Muslim agitation within Britain.

Thus, Harold Pinter marched to Downing Street at the head of a delegation of writers who called on the government to take action to end the "intolerable and barbaric" threat from the Ayatollah. That appeal, with its Palmerstonian hint of defending the liberties of British citizens against the jabbering threats of mad mullahs abroad, was echoed elsewhere. Hugo Young, a liberal journalist whose biography of Mrs. Thatcher had attacked her "informal attitude which narrowed the limits of liberty," declared in response to the threats against Rushdie from followers of the Ayatollah in Britain that if they did not like the tolerant climate in the country, then

* Two other items are generally added to the charge sheet: Clause 28, which prohibits local governments from spending public money to promote homosexuality, and the proposed removal of the right to silence of the accused in criminal prosecutions. Since neither is directly connected to the central controversy, namely, the tension between official secrecy and the freedom of the media, this is not the place to examine them. But suffice it to say that the former, properly considered, has nothing to do with free speech, but only with the disposition of public funds, and the latter, properly considered, is liberal both in character and effect.

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they should go back to Teheran. (This shocked the New York *Times* correspondent, who observed that Young was "sounding like somebody more at home in Rupert Murdoch's ultraconservative tabloid the *Sun* than in the liberal *Guardian.*") Similarly, writing in the liberal *Financial Times,* Edward Mortimer voiced his outrage that the actions of a "faraway foreign despot" might affect "our own freedom to read and write as we see fit."

Almost overnight, Britain—even under "Mrs. Torture," as she appears in *The Satanic Verses*—had ceased to be a nation entering the darkness of authoritarianism and had been restored, at least temporarily, to its former status as the home of liberty and tolerance.

But if the Left intellectuals do not really believe their own anti-Thatcher propaganda, there can be no doubt that their hatred and fear of her are entirely genuine. Last year the London *Sunday Telegraph* interviewed a number of intellectuals for their opinion of her and were rewarded with some of the most snobbish and personally bitchy remarks ever visited upon a public figure. They ranged from the director Jonathan Miller's "her odious suburban gentility and sentimental saccharine patriotism" to Lady Warnock's dislike of her "patronizing voice" her looks ("not vulgar, just low"), and her general embodiment of "the worst of the lower middle class." The Mistress of Girton College, Cambridge, was particularly incensed by a television program which showed the Prime Minister buying clothes: "There was something quite obscene to see her picking out another blouse with a tie at the neck."

What lies behind these sentiments, surely, is an impotent rage at the lasting defeat Mrs. Thatcher has inflicted on socialism. In their less partisan moments, leaders in the other parties will accept that many of the achievements of "Thatcherism" are permanently entrenched, and that free markets and an individualist social philosophy must be part of any prospective government's thinking. But nobody likes being defeated, and the discrediting of a deeply-held belief is felt more intensely than most setbacks. The patriots of socialism, who make up such a large part of the London intelligentsia, need a "stab in the back" legend with which to explain their rout. What better excuse than that the game was rigged, the press bought, the television networks intimidated, intelligence scandals suppressed, official secrecy blanketed on the land, and the voters led like lambs to the polling booths? But it all remains an excuse, just as the charges against Mrs. Thatcher on which it is based remain a combination of misrepresentations, distortions, and paranoid fantasies.

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Jewish Mysticism in Dispute

Robert Alter

THE daunting achievement of Gershom Scholem (1897-1982) poses a certain quandary for the evolution of subsequent scholarship. His studies of Jewish mysticism, from the early rabbinic period through the medieval Kabbalah to the Hasidism of the 18th and 19th centuries, are so comprehensive and searching, so intellectually compelling, that it might appear as though further investigations in the field would be no more than a series of elaborate footnotes to his trailblazing work. Indeed, it would not have been surprising if Scholem, a writer of grand ambition, secretly aspired to preempt future scholarship in this fashion.

Although there were some notable 19th-century precursors who undertook studies of the subject, as Scholem himself emphatically observes in the first chapter of the newly translated *Origins of the Kabbalah*,* it was he who established Jewish mysticism as a full-fledged academic discipline, with all the paraphernalia of graduate seminars, dissertations, conferences, exchanges in learned journals, during half-a-century of activity at the Hebrew University, where he taught from the founding of the institution in 1925. Scholem was personally responsible for the training of the entire first generation of scholars of Kabbalah in Jerusalem, which remains the dominant world center of the field, and his two most eminent followers, Isaiah Tishby and Joseph Dan, might be described as confirming and complementing the work of the master by inquiries into sundry texts, figures, movements, and concepts he himself dealt with more briefly.

Dan's recent *Gershom Scholem and the Mystical Dimension of Jewish History*† betrays something of this burden of discipleship. Although Dan has in fact done valuable work of his own, here, where the title of the volume and the Modern Jewish Masters series in which it appears would lead one to expect an analysis and assessment of Scholem's enterprise, we are given little more than a summary of the consecutive historical stages of the Kabbalah as Scholem described them, a kind of simplified and abbreviated version of his definitive *Major Trends in Jewish Mysticism.*

Against this background, the appearance of Moshe Idel's *Kabbalah: New Perspectives*** marks a point of bold new departure and as such has been attracting considerable attention in the academic community both in America and in Israel. Idel, who is forty-two, completed a dissertation at the Hebrew University in 1976 on Abraham Abulafia, the 13th-century Spanish ecstatic mystic. In the bibliography of his new work, he lists 27 of his articles published since 1979, and there may well be others. At the present moment, he is clearly a man on the move: in addition to this large synthesizing volume, three books by him have appeared in English in the past two years—two different studies of Abulafia, presumably building on the work he did for his doctorate, and a more general book on the ecstatic Kabbalah. It can hardly have escaped Idel's awareness as he was writing *Kabbalah* that he was nearly the same age as Scholem when he wrote *his* big synthesizing book, *Major Trends*, first published in 1941. No one else in the field has shown the vigor and independence that Idel has, and so the interest aroused by his work is not surprising.

A false impression, I think, has been created about the kind of book Idel's *Kabbalah* is or what its intentions are. Idel represents, it has been observed several times in print, a major complement to Scholem. This was the gist of the admiring treatment of *Kabbalah* in the New York *Times Book Review* by Arthur Green, the author of a fine psychobiography of Rabbi Nahman of Bratslav and certainly someone who knows the field well. Green in turn seems to have taken his cue from the blurbs by the late Alexander Altmann, who characterized the book as "offering a wealth of complementary insights to Gershom Scholem

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* Edited by R.J. Zwi Werblowsky, translated by Allan Arkush, Jewish Publication Society and Princeton University Press, 487 pp., $47.50. The German original appeared in 1962 and was based on a much shorter 1948 Hebrew version. The English text incorporates amplifications Scholem left interleaved in his copy of the German volume and so is the most complete and updated version.

† New York University Press, 333 pp., $50.00.

** Yale University Press, 464 pp., $40.00.

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and his school," and by Louis Dupré, who called it "the most innovative work in the subject since Gershom Scholem's classic, and . . . equally legible."

What Idel actually attempts to do, however, is nothing less than to *supplant* Scholem. He goes about this under a certain cover of discretion that seems to have taken in a good many readers, but the cover is transparent enough, and he often drops it altogether. Thus, neither the book as a whole nor any of the chapters except the first has an epigraph, but one finds tucked in as an epigraph to that first chapter the following sentence from a letter by Andrew Lang that is really intended to announce the purpose of the entire book: "Our little systems have their days, or their hour; as knowledge advances they pass into the history of the pioneers." Easily nine out of every ten references to Scholem (and, by extension, to Tishby and Dan) are negative. Although Idel only occasionally permits himself harshly judgmental terms—more often in the fine print of his extensive notes than in his text—the clear force of his argument is that Scholem's account of Kabbalah is one-sided, tendentious, frequently based on arbitrary interpretations and unfounded leaps of historical inference, and, for all its "pioneering" effort, more often than not gravely misleading.

Idel's book is thus a long sustained barrage against the imposing edifice of Scholem's lifework, and the weapons he brings to bear are formidable. Although Idel's writing has nothing of Scholem's evocative power or probing vision of history, he evinces a mastery probably equal to Scholem's of the vast spectrum of Hebrew and Aramaic mystical texts, both published and in manuscript, from late antiquity to the brink of modernity, and an equal familiarity with pertinent comparative and theoretical studies in the field of religion. He repeatedly raises tough methodological questions, sometimes with considerable shrewdness. He does succeed in proposing some important qualifications to Scholem's account of Kabbalah and persuades us that there are certain points of historical interpretation that at least require further reflection and further documentation. *Kabbalah* is a book well worth pondering because it compels one to rethink general conceptions of Jewish mysticism and of rabbinic Judaism. But the writer's scorched-earth strategy carries him too far, leading him, as I shall try to show, to base much of his argument on strained readings of the Jewish sources, on counter-inferences from scant historical data, on quibbles over terminology, on false either-or alternatives, on misrepresentations of Scholem, and on rehashings of Scholem tricked out as new positions.

IDEL'S bill of complaints against his predecessor is a long one, but in keeping with the kabbalistic fondness for decads, I would list the following ten as his principal objections: (1) Scholem's emphasis on the Kabbalah as a system of theosophy and his neglect of ecstatic or experiential Kabbalah; (2) his concomitant overemphasis on the philological study of texts and his neglect of the phenomenological approach to mysticism; (3) his denial that the Kabbalah aspires to true *unio mystica* of the adept with God; (4) his claim that late-antique Jewish mysticism (and, through subterranean tradition, its medieval heirs) was influenced by non-Jewish gnosticism rather than the other way around; (5) his assertion that rabbinic Judaism represented a repression of myth against which the Kabbalah had to constitute itself as a mythopoeic rebellion; (6) his stress on the centrality of symbolism in the Kabbalah; (7) his contention that kabbalistic symbolism was chiefly an effort to represent the inexpressible; (8) his idea that the version of Kabbalah developed in the school around the 16th-century mystic Isaac Luria emphasized exile as a reaction to the traumatic expulsion from Spain of 1492; (9) his notion that Lurianism prepared the ideological soil for the flourishing of Sabbatian messianism in the 17th century; (10) his proposal of a causal link between Sabbatianism and Hasidism, the latter serving to domesticate the antinomian energies of the former within a framework of normative Judaism.

I will not attempt to evaluate the last two of these ten arguments because that would require a knowledge of specialized documents which I do not possess. Idel's general contention here is that Scholem falls prey to a fallacy of historical concatenation—because one movement directly succeeds a previous one with which it exhibits possible ideological affinities, it must somehow have been generated by its predecessor. Idel claims, for example, that Lurianism in the century from its conception in Safed to the emergence in 17th-century Smyrna of Sabbetai Sevi was an esoteric doctrine severely limited in its dissemination and so could not have been the motor force for a mass movement. He may be right, though in order to assess his claim one would have to have an extensive knowledge of the printed and manuscript materials emanating from the Lurianic school and where they were distributed in Europe and the Middle East in the years prior to 1660. Idel's eight other arguments, on the other hand, are accessible to scrutiny in regard to the terms in which they are couched and how they use the texts of Scholem and of the Jewish tradition that they cite. Let us consider them one by one.

1. *The concentration on theosophy at the expense of ecstatic Kabbalah.* The terms in the precise sense used here, as well as the notion that these are two "opposing schools" of Kabbalah, originate in Chapter Five of *Major Trends*, though one would hardly guess that from reading Idel.

Theosophy is the systematic study of the intricate structure of the divinity and its manifestations

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in the emanated world we inhabit. Idel helpfully notes that theosophy is theocentric whereas ecstatic mysticism is anthropocentric; the former, through its practical implementation, theurgy, seeks to effect changes in the configurations of the divinity, whereas the latter aspires to transform the personality of the adept through his mystical transport. Idel, coming from the study of the ecstatic Abulafia, contends that "Scholem . . . overstressed the importance of the speculative over the mystical."

This is a judgment that is hard to assess because it is unclear how one would go about quantifying the relative weight of the two trends in the history of Jewish mysticism. Scholem certainly devoted thousands of pages—including most of *Origins of the Kabbalah*—to the elaborate maps of the divine world traced by the Kabbalah, the ten *sefirot* with their sundry names and symbolic values and their graphic correspondences to the limbs of a supernal *anthropos* and the branches of a cosmic tree. Indeed, almost no book on the Kabbalah, including both the recently published volumes by Idel and by Scholem, fails to use one of the theosophic maps as its jacket illustration. Scholem also discusses most of the hallucinogenic techniques of the ecstatic Kabbalah to which Idel accords such importance—breathing exercises, chanting, visualization of colors, meditation on the permutations and combinations of Hebrew letters. The difference between the two is a different tilt in emphasis: Idel repeatedly wants to make the Kabbalah more drastically experiential, more directed through a set of mind-altering techniques toward something approaching the dissolution of the self. At a number of points, one wonders about his use of evidence to support this view.

Thus, Idel proposes weeping in order to induce visionary experience as a hitherto unrecognized kabbalistic technique. Some of the dozen or so sources he cites in fact appear to confirm that weeping was at times used as a deliberate mystical procedure. In some of his texts, however, it looks as though the mystic actually woke up from a nightmare, burst into tears spontaneously, and then experienced his vision. Still more oddly, the following autobiographical excerpt from Hayyim Vital, the disciple of Isaac Luria, is quoted to illustrate the use of weeping as an established mystical technique:

> In 1566, on the Sabbath eve, the eighth of Tevet, I said *Kiddush* and sat down to eat; and my eyes were shedding tears, and I was sighing and grieving since . . . I was bound by witchcraft [a phrase referring in these texts to impotence, according to Idel's own note] . . . and I likewise wept for [my] neglect of the study of Torah during the last two years . . . and because of my worry I did not eat at all, and I lay on my bed on my face, weeping, and I fell asleep out of much weeping, and I dreamed a wondrous dream.

In the dream, a beautiful woman appears whom he addresses as "Mother" and whom he implores to help him see the Lord sitting on His throne.

Now, Idel does not explain how the same technique could be "used" by someone weeping after emerging from a dream and someone going into a dream after weeping. In any case, the text invites us to imagine the human experience behind it, which looks nothing like a deliberate technique. Poor Hayyim Vital has been impotent for two years, is no doubt seriously depressed, and consequently also unable to summon the concentration necessary for the study of the Torah. It is Friday night, when every Jew is especially enjoined to fulfill the commandment of cohabitation with his wife, and when the kabbalist in particular has a theurgical responsibility to contribute to the divine coupling of the Holy One Blessed Be He (the male aspect of the godhead) with the *Shekhinah* (the female aspect) through his own sexual union. Is it any wonder that Vital should burst into tears, and that he should then escape into the consolation of a dream in which a beautiful woman appears to him as a loving, reassuring mother who he hopes will grant him some access to the white-bearded Father whose potency he cannot emulate? The fantasies of the troubled Vital of course draw on the mystical lore in which he was steeped, but it is highly questionable whether he reached them through any intentional hallucinogenic technique. Here, as in a good many other instances, Idel makes the kabbalist more of a technologist of the holy than in all likelihood he really was.

2. *The limitations of the philological approach.* According to Idel, Scholem's "concentration on the philological-historical approach has resulted in the nearly complete rejection of the comparative study of Jewish mysticism." This original sin of philology, "Scholem's initial commitment to the centrality of text study," when transmitted to his academic progeny, "became an inert ideology of textology."

It is true that Scholem, heir to a powerful 19th-century tradition of German historical scholarship, made philology a central tool of analysis. But one must add that he was working on a corpus that itself placed an extraordinary emphasis on language, used, as David Biale has aptly summarized Scholem's understanding, as "a precise technical vocabulary and not arbitrary and emotive poetry," producing texts that "cry out for scientific philology." Nothing could argue the intrinsic importance of language for Jewish mysticism more forcefully than Scholem's dazzling essay of 1962, "Revelation and Tradition as Religious Categories in Judaism." There may be counter-instances where language is broken out of the

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frames of syntax and systematic coherence in the interests of ecstasy, but these hardly gainsay the centrality and power of the linguistically coherent articulation of mysticism that Scholem illuminates. Philology as he applies it to this tradition is frequently the implement of a kind of archeological enterprise that is at once bold and painstaking. *Origins of the Kabbalah*, a work of patient scholarship that does not seek to make allowances for the general reader, offers a number of impressive instances of such archeology.

But Scholem's focus on philology by no means precludes a deep concern with views of reality, psychological processes, philosophic assumptions, the dynamics of mystical experience—everything that falls under the heading of the phenomenology of mysticism and invites a comparative approach. Comparisons generally interested Scholem when there was some possibility of actual historical contact, but it is strange to say that philology led him to "a nearly complete rejection of the comparative study of Jewish mysticism" when his work abounds in comparative references to gnosticism, Hinduism, the Franciscan movement, the Cathars, Sufism, Jacob Boehme, Scotus Erigena, Johannes Reuchlin, not to speak of modern scholars of Christian and Eastern mysticism, gnosticism, and comparative religion. Throughout his work, Scholem adhered to a schema of carefully discriminated historical eras of Jewish mysticism. Idel's explicitly phenomenological approach involves a good deal of shuttling back and forth from late antiquity to the Middle Ages to premodern times. This has the advantage of making certain patterns of continuity more evident, though it may also at times blur distinctions. But Scholem's failure to adopt this strategy, or, say, to quote Swedenborg at length as Idel does, by no means implies that his conceptual horizon was limited to the philological study of texts set in historical sequence.

3. *The denial of unitive mystical experience in the Kabbalah.* On this issue, Idel accuses Scholem of something like willful misrepresentation, foisting on unsuspecting readers "a totally nonunitive picture of Jewish mysticism."

The texts Idel cites to demonstrate that the ecstatic Kabbalah was impelled toward an absolute fusion of the self with God are densely and obscurely metaphorical, and though his reading of them may be right, no interpretation of such enigmatic pronouncements can be assured. Scholem was indeed skeptical as to whether Jewish mysticism ever allowed for a complete *unio mystica*, but his statements about the ecstatic Kabbalah are more nuanced than Idel would lead us to believe. Thus, Idel indignantly quotes Scholem on Abulafia to the effect that "complete identification [of man with God] is neither achieved nor intended," but Scholem immediately goes on to say, "All the same, we have here one of the most thoroughgoing interpretations of the meaning of ecstatic experience to which rabbinical Judaism has given birth." At another point in *Major Trends*, he actually defines *devekut*, or the experience of "cleaving" to God, as "the typical form of *unio mystica* in Kabbalism." And earlier in his chapter on Abulafia, he evokes *devekut* as "a perpetual being-with-God, an intimate union and conformity of the human and the divine will." Characteristically, Scholem adds the qualification that Jewish mysticism, even at its most rapturous, always retained "a proper sense of distance, or, if you like, of incommensurateness." The finely poised deliberation of the last phrase needs to be noted: in the kabbalistic view, perhaps in extreme instances the distance between human and divine might appear to be close, but not the incommensurateness between the two, and Idel's prooftexts of ecstasy offer no persuasive evidence to the contrary.

4. *The influence of gnosticism on Jewish mysticism.* Throughout his career, Scholem placed considerable stress on the centrality of gnostic concepts in the Kabbalah. His tentative assumption was that the Jewish mystics of late antiquity absorbed certain ideas from gnosticism, which were then transmitted, orally and perhaps in esoteric manuscripts that have not survived, in a millennium-long underground tradition which finally surfaced dramatically in the 12th and 13th centuries as the new doctrine of the Kabbalah. Idel eagerly embraces the notion of this underground tradition (as with other topics, barely indicating it derives from Scholem)—in fact, giving it even more prominence than did his predecessor. The point of divergence is that Idel hypothesizes an elaborated gnostic doctrine indigenous to late-antique Judaism; in his view, both gnosticism and the Christianity of the New Testament were influenced by this Jewish esoteric teaching.

This is certainly an interesting possibility, but the sole evidence Idel offers for it are two gnostic texts produced by writers in contact with Jews which adumbrate theosophic patterns evident in the later Kabbalah. It is not clear why a Jewish source of gnosticism should be so important to Idel, except that it gives him another point to score against Scholem. I suspect that if Idel were able to produce convincing proof of gnosticism as an indigenous Jewish doctrine (as perhaps he may yet do), Scholem would have been delighted by the idea. As the present state of evidence stands, the two "proto-kabbalistic" gnostic texts contiguous with late-antique Judaism could just as easily be taken as sources of doctrine drawn upon by the early Jewish mystics rather than the other way around.

5. *The non-mythic character of the world of rabbinic Judaism.* The issue joined here involves a fundamental difference over the nature of Judaism

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from the early rabbis to the 12th century. "Scholem," Idel contends, "created a simplistic division between a defeated mythical gnosticism and a triumphant nonmythical rabbinism." The Kabbalah then becomes in Scholem's account a great resurgence of mythic archetypes that stands in a certain tension to the rabbinic conception of reality. Idel, for his part, as a "phenomenological" historian who readily sees a virtual identity of patterns in texts separated by a thousand years, flatly states that the use of "the Torah as pointing the way to the augmentation of the divine *Dynamis* . . . was already obvious in the midrashic literature," and then he can triumphantly conclude, "Put this way, there is no major difference between midrashic and kabbalistic theurgy." The odd phrase "put this way" can refer only to the fact that he has accepted his own just-stated premise as self-sufficient evidence for his conclusion, but his chapter on "Ancient Jewish Theurgy" offers not a single prooftext from rabbinic literature, only a few glancing references to texts not fully cited.

Idel's account of rabbinic Judaism entirely fails to distinguish between, on the one hand, its figurative, parabolic, and historically symbolic modes of discourse—all of which are amply registered by Scholem—and, on the other hand, mythology proper. Scholem, for example, duly notes the evocative presence of the *Shekhinah* in midrash but draws the necessary distinction that the rabbinic *Shekhinah* never indicates a theosophic division of the godhead into a feminine principle over against a masculine principle. The difference between the nature of ritual in normative Judaism and the Kabbalah is even more telling. Scholem observes in *On the Kabbalah and Its Symbolism* the momentous consequences of the shift in rabbinic observance from a concentration on nature to a concentration on history:

> This history-saturated ritual was accompanied by no magical action. The rites of remembrance produce no *effect*, they create no immediate bond between the Jew and his natural environment, and what they "conjure up" without the slightest gesture of conjuration is the memory, the community of generations, and the identification of the pious with the experience of the founding generation which received the Revelation. The ritual of rabbinical Judaism makes nothing happen and *transforms* nothing.

This is, of course, a picture drawn in broad strokes, and Scholem was perfectly aware of the presence of magical elements in the rabbinic world which, however, did not define its predominant forms of ritual and literature. Idel's strategy is to try to turn the whole picture upside down by insistently reading rabbinic texts as though they were written in 13th-century Gerona. A simple talmudic idiom of prayer, "Let Your mercy conquer Your anger, and Your mercy overflow onto Your attributes" (a less tendentiously literal translation would be "let Your mercy go beyond Your characteristic nature"), is conceived by him as a performative statement, affecting different areas on the map of the divinity. A version of the mishnaic treatise *'Avot* ("Ethics of the Fathers") "preserved in the Middle Ages" proclaims that "By means of ten *ma'amarot* [utterances] the world was created, and by the Decalogue it stands," and this is immediately construed by Idel as a piece of theosophy anticipating the kabbalistic decad. It should be observed, however, that the standard text of *'Avot* uses a famous formula, "On three things the world stands . . .," without the slightest suggestion of theosophy. If a midrash makes a statement like "Whenever Israel is enslaved, the *Shekhinah*, as it were, is enslaved with them," Idel immediately sees indication of a theosophic drama of events occurring in the constituent parts of the godhead, ignoring the strong marker "as it were" (*kevayakhol*, "if it were possible to say such a thing"—a constraint not felt in the Kabbalah).

In order to put the question of mythology in rabbinic Judaism into sharper focus, let me quote a midrashic text not mentioned by Idel that seems to approximate a well-known kabbalistic motif. The passage occurs in Genesis Rabbah 1:14 (the translation is mine), after a discussion of why the Torah begins with the letter *bet*:

> Rabbi Eleazar the son of Hanina said in the name of Rabbi Aha: for twenty-six generations the letter *'aleph* complained before the throne of the Holy One Blessed Be He. It said before Him, Master of the Universe, I am first of letters yet You did not create Your world with me. The Holy One Blessed Be He said to it: The world and all its fullness were created only through the merit of the Torah, as it is written, "The Lord in His wisdom founded the earth" (Proverbs 3:19). Tomorrow I shall come to give the Torah on Sinai and I shall begin with you alone, as it is written, "I [*'anokhi*, which begins with *'aleph*] am the Lord your God" (Exodus 20:2).

All this sounds a good deal like kabbalistic notions of the cosmogonic and theurgic force of Hebrew letters, with the letter *'aleph* as the consonant that is pure breath or spirit being accorded pride of mystic place by many kabbalists. It surely illustrates something no one has seriously denied, that there are rich and vivid imaginative materials in rabbinic literature on which the Kabbalah was able to draw. But one can construe this text as mythological only by assuming that its original transmitters meant it to be understood in the most throughgoing literal way.

The very tone of the midrash argues against such a reading. There is a hint of playfulness in the deployment of its narrative, reminiscent of the familiar pattern of the folk tale that comes to explain why a certain humble and rejected animal

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ended up being chosen for some grand historical task. Midrashic parable is a vehicle for *familiarizing the divine*, and the kindly Lord who reassures poor *'aleph* in homey colloquial Hebrew is nothing like the impersonal manifestations of the divinity in later theosophy. Most important, the purpose of the narrative is not to report a sequence of cosmic events but to work out a circuit of exegetical connections: creation is set against revelation and made secondary to it, as a verse in Proverbs, with "wisdom" construed as a synonym for Torah, shows that what comes first in textual order, the initial *bet*, is less significant cosmogonically than what comes first in the founding act of revelation, the Decalogue. Story is not a guide to the map of the divine world but to the reading of Scripture in all the meaningfulness of its endless intertextual arabesques.

6. *The centrality of symbolism to the kabbalistic world view.* This paramount idea of Scholem's is a direct corollary of his assumption that the predominant form of Kabbalah was theosophic. Idel argues, plausibly enough, that the ecstatic Kabbalah expressed itself in nonsymbolic language, with the key figure of Abulafia promulgating a hermeneutics that "culminated in a text-destroying exegesis that focused upon separate letters understood as divine names." Scholem would hardly have quarreled with this. Again, the underlying question is what historical weight to give to the radical ecstatics. Idel traces some lines of influence descending from Abulafia but nothing that looks like a mass movement, and the burden of proof still rests with him to demonstrate that either numerically or geographically the ecstatic Kabbalah was a major historical alternative to the symbolic outlook of the theosophic Kabbalah.

7. *Symbolism in the Kabbalah as a means of evoking the inexpressible.* A naive observer might imagine that this would be an inevitable feature of virtually any mystical symbolism, but Idel regards Scholem's affirmation of the idea as "highly disputable." By contrast, he argues that "A kabbalistic symbol invited one to act rather than to think" and consequently what was important was "its dynamism, far more than its disclosure of an inexpressible realm of experience."

This contention jibes with Idel's inexorable stress on the theurgic implementation of theosophy in the Kabbalah. What is puzzling is that he should pose these two ideas as competing alternatives that have to be hierarchically arranged. Scholem puts less emphasis on the performative aspect of kabbalistic symbolism, but even if performance was a central concern of the mystic, that by no means logically precludes a profound reliance on the symbol as an instrument for unveiling or intimating the ineffable. I would add that the symbol in Scholem's view has a powerfully experiential component and is not purely a vehicle of cognition, as Idel leads one to think Scholem claims. Here, for example, is a characteristic observation of Scholem's from *Origins of the Kabbalah*: "Symbols are born, in the last resort, of the memory of ecstatic moments of inexpressible content. There is something wrenching and shattering about it."

Altogether, Idel misrepresents Scholem as seeing in the Kabbalah "an abstract system of thought." In the last chapter of *Kabbalah: New Perspectives*, he traces the dissemination and transmutation of the Kabbalah in the Christian Renaissance down through 19th-century German scholarship and tries to implicate Scholem in guilt by association. The Christian Kabbalah, he notes, could scarcely accommodate Jewish notions of affecting the divine world by the mystically directed performance of commandments, and so it neutralized kabbalistic theurgy, displacing it almost entirely by theosophy. This denatured version of the Kabbalah was picked up by the 19th-century scholar Franz Molitor, "so influential with Scholem," and by Adolphe Franck, on whom Scholem also drew. The obvious innuendo is that Scholem's account of the Kabbalah is unwittingly captive to the distorting view of its Christian antecedents, whereas Idel's version is more faithful to the intrinsic Jewish character of the movement. This is, to say the least, a peculiar doubt to raise about a historiographical enterprise that from beginning to end was committed to discovering the aspects of Jewish national vitality and longing for redemption exhibited in the Kabbalah, and to tracing causal links from the Kabbalah to modern Jewish movements of self-emancipation.

8. *Exile as a key to the mystic doctrine of Isaac Luria.* Scholem's reading of Lurianism is precisely an instance of his construing Jewish mysticism as a sensitive barometer for the historical experience of the Jewish people, and Idel, just after accusing him of following Christian precedent in reducing Kabbalah to an abstract system, is unwilling to accept such a national inference. He observes that "the far-reaching impact of the expulsion [from Spain in 1492] is a cornerstone of Scholem's historiosophy," and he does his best to dislodge the cornerstone and topple the whole edifice. His best here amounts to a bizarre literalism: since Isaac Luria was an Ashkenazi Jew, there is no reason to assume he would have regarded the recent disaster that had befallen his Sephardi brethren in Spain as a trauma. There are, moreover, no explicit references to the expulsion in Luria's teaching.

But the kabbalistic practice was not to offer direct representations of contemporary events—rather, it was to transform them into arresting acts and images of ostensibly timeless, universally valid symbolic systems. Luria placed central emphasis

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on a divinity that in the cosmogonic shattering of vessels had become distanced from its own primordial unity and on the role of man in performing acts of *tikkun*, or mystic restoration, that could through a collective and cumulative process bring about the redemption. Is it so unreasonable to assume that Luria, in the wake of the Spanish catastrophe, living in a Palestine that was absorbing waves of refugees from the banishment of 1492, should have been particularly preoccupied with the larger meanings of exile and should have given them expression in his thought? Scholem's methodological summary of his own account of Lurianism has a persuasive force that is not easily dismissed. "The Jews built their historical experience," he observes in *On the Kabbalah and Its Symbolism*, "into their cosmogony. Kabbalistic myth had 'meaning,' because it sprang from a fully conscious relation to reality which, experienced symbolically even in its horror, was able to project mighty symbols of Jewish life as an extreme case of human life pure and simple."

This last sentence points to the inadvertent irony of Idel's entire assault on his looming predecessor. There are certainly issues that may legitimately be raised about Scholem's account of Jewish mysticism, for all its magisterial force. One might want to know more about the social and economic contexts of the Kabbalah, and one might wonder not only about the proposed causal nexus between Sabbatianism and Hasidism but about the still more conjectural link between Sabbatianism and Jewish Enlightenment. Nevertheless, Scholem's greatness lies precisely in his ability to see in the Jewish mystics something more than a collection of bizarre types who did strange things to their own heads and concocted a weird mumbo-jumbo in an effort to manipulate a world of imagined powers. In his patient yet imaginative construal, these many thousands of adepts of mystic lore over the generations are revealed as intellectually serious, spiritually daring people responding to the pressures of historical and personal experience in systematic thought and regimens of performance, however unfamiliar the idiom they use.

On some level, Moshe Idel must know this perfectly well, and the stronger passages of his book suggest that he has the capacity to produce original work on the Kabbalah of a high order of excellence. But in his zeal to make a place for himself by overturning the founding figure of the modern field of Jewish mysticism, he reduces his subject to a chain of ecstatic fits and starts and theurgic manipulations, detached from the larger realm of historical experience and conceptual creativity to which it belongs.

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The Future of the USSR

THE LONG ROAD TO FREEDOM: RUSSIA AND GLASNOST. By WALTER LAQUEUR. *Scribners. 325 pp. $21.95.*

Reviewed by ARCH PUDDINGTON

THE massacre at Tiananmen Square is a compelling reminder that Communism, long believed to be a highly stable system, is in fact extremely volatile, especially in periods of change. An obvious and entirely relevant question raised by the China tragedy is whether a similar fate might befall the Soviet Union. Nationality protest and upheaval have gripped fully eight of the USSR's non-Russian republics, ranging from massive movements for independence in the Baltics to inter-ethnic violence in Central Asia. While overt anti-Soviet motives have been limited to Estonia, Lithuania, and Latvia, in every case the source of strife can in part be traced to policies and arrangements dictated from Moscow.

That the central authorities do not appear to have lost control is largely due to the absence of direct challenges to party policies in Russia proper. But as Walter Laqueur points out in this invaluable book—which is at once a historical account of the Russian idea of freedom, a description of the changes that have taken place under the leadership of Mikhail Gorbachev, and an analysis of what these changes imply for the Soviet future—the potential for unrest has emerged in Russia proper as well.

Ironically, it is *glasnost* (or "openness"), a foundation of Gorbachev's program of change, which has contributed to popular discontent that could conceivably escalate into direct challenge to the leadership. The dangers to the Soviet system, in fact, are considerably more substantial than in China. In China, a relatively narrow group of students and intellectuals demanded democratic reform; in the Soviet Union, *glasnost* has affected practically everyone, and for some Russians at least, the impact has been to bewilder and frighten people who drew comfort from the status quo, however failed and corrupt.

As conceived by Gorbachev and his most trusted allies, *glasnost* was designed to serve several quite specific political goals. First, cultural and political openness was meant to build a constituency for the new leadership among the intellectual class and no doubt also among a foreign audience whose support for Soviet policies is seen as crucial. At the same time, revelations of criminality and sloth were used to discredit Gorbachev's enemies within the party, a group of conservative time-servers who have proved a surprisingly easy target. Finally, publicizing the system's failures was encouraged in order to mobilize support for *perestroika*, changes in the economy that the leadership fully recognized as threatening to a pattern of life to which the Russian people had grown accustomed through the decades of Soviet rule.

For Gorbachev, *glasnost* did not signify unrestricted debate or the free flow of information, as that concept is understood in the democratic world. *Glasnost* was to be measured, controlled, guided, a means of moving people toward certain policies and ways of thinking. Early on Gorbachev cautioned that *glasnost* "should unite and mobilize people rather than disunite them and generate lack of confidence."

In practice, *glasnost* has moved well beyond Gorbachev's modest expectations; pressed boldly ahead by adventuresome journalists, historians, and economists, openness has taken on a life of its own. Laqueur declares that the limits of *glasnost* had been reached at the time of the book's completion, in mid-1988, a prediction we now know to be inaccurate. During the past few months Soviet audiences witnessed the astonishing spectacle of parliamentary representatives attacking such hitherto sacrosanct institutions as the military, the KGB, even one-party rule. Futhermore, prominent figures such as Yegor Ligachev, Andrei Gromyko, and Gorbachev himself (not to mention Gorbachev's wife, Raisa) have been criticized and humiliated, and all this before a national television audience of over one hundred million.

These openly political manifestations of *glasnost* come on top of a relentless assault on some of the most cherished features of the Communist system. The health service, an icon of Soviet propaganda, is routinely assailed for its deficiencies, as are the economy's inability to produce sufficient consumer goods and the farm sector's failure to provide adequate food. Drug abuse, once dismissed as an exclusively Western problem, is now acknowledged; so is rampant crime, alienation of youth, and the luckless lot of Soviet women. There have also been honest, if guarded, assessments of a few of the darker chapters of Soviet history, including the Ukrainian famine, the Hitler-Stalin pact, the occupation of Afghanistan, and the slaughter of Polish officers in the Katyn forest during World War II.

The West has watched these revelations with awe, and rightly so. Although prerevolutionary Russia enjoyed a measure of openness more substantial than the current state of affairs, today's *glasnost* is without precedent for the Soviet period, and its impact is probably greater than before 1917 because of the far higher level of education and the influence of modern communications methods, notably television. More to the point, acknowledgment of Soviet deficiencies will have a profound and permanent effect on Soviet society. While the state surely retains the power to bring *glasnost* to an end, the party has forever lost the authority to

ARCH PUDDINGTON, *who works for Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty in New York, is the author of* Failed Utopias: Methods of Coercion in Communist Regimes, *published this year by ICS Press.*

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instruct citizens on what to read, think, and believe.

UNFORTUNATELY, in their enthusiasm over Soviet change, few in the West have asked the relevant question of *glasnost*'s repercussions among the Soviet people, especially the vast majority outside the narrow group of intellectuals who comprise the core support group for Gorbachev's policies. Especially pertinent is the response of Russians. It is, after all, Russians—not Moldavians, Georgians, or Uzbeks—whose national consciousness is identified with Soviet power. And it is Russians who, in the new atmoshpere of candor and protest, have often served as the principal target of non-Russian anger.

The evidence assembled by Laqueur suggests that the past few years have been unsettling for many Russians. Like everyone else in the Soviet Union, Russians have been the victims of the Communist system—some, like Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, would argue that Russians have been Communism's chief victims. On the other hand, Russians have gained a measure of pride and consolation from the achievements and pretenses of the system. Communism, many continue to believe, transformed backward Russia into a superpower, feared, if not loved, throughout the world. Furthermore, Russia has proved fertile terrain for the cultivation of a primitive socialist mentality, an egalitarianism driven by envy and inertia. In such an atmosphere, proposals for reward based on merit, prices which reflect market value, the expansion of the private sector, and private (and non-free) medical care evoke at best a mixed response.

Thus, an unintended consequence of *glasnost* has been an emboldened cultural movement based on Russian nationalism. Historically, of course, Russian nationalism has been tolerated, and occasionally encouraged, at various strategic periods by the Communist leadership. The authorities long ago recognized the merit of identifying Soviet power with traditional Russian imperialism, and were willing to ignore ideological transgressions by Russian nationalists which would bring long stints in the gulag if committed by, say, Ukrainians or Latvians.

The nationalist camp has become more public, assertive, and extreme precisely when the Soviet Union's political leaders are pursuing modernizing goals antithetical to the traditionalists' agenda. And reactionary nationalists have proved as adept at exploiting *glasnost* as have liberal reformers. Their anti-Communism has become more overt; so has their anti-Semitism, especially as expressed by the Pamyat (Memory) group, which openly proclaims its belief in a Judeo-Masonic conspiracy to subvert traditional Russian values.

It may be, however, that *glasnost* has magnified the strength of the nationalist camp out of proportion to its real weight in Soviet society. Russian nationalism has produced talented and popular writers like Valentin Rasputin and has tapped a reservoir of popular frustration through its protests against environmental degradation and the destruction of churches and other symbols of the Russian heritage. But nationalist hostility to modern culture, especially American culture, finds little response from the people, particularly the young, who are attracted to consumer goods, rock music, foreign travel—precisely the features of Western life which the nationalists hold in contempt. Perhaps the most compelling evidence of the limitations of the nationalist appeal is the results of the parliamentary elections, where nationalists fared poorly, and extreme nationalists of the Pamyat variety met total rejection. Ultimately, the nationalist camp's greatest potential appeal is in its portrayal of Russia as victim—of Communism, of Western hostility, of the ingratitude of the smaller nationalities, of the changes introduced by Gorbachev and his radical economists. A shrewd Soviet leadership—and the current group is even more staunchly Russian than under Brezhnev—could easily manipulate Russian feelings of frustration and envy toward a reassertion of authoritarian rule.

Probably the weakest aspect of *glasnost* is in press treatment of foreign policy. A shift in tone, of course, can be discerned. Soviet media treatment of America no longer single-mindedly focuses on racial injustice, the crimes against the "Red Indians," the plight of the homeless, or the rapaciousness of capitalism. Indeed, there is extensive commentary on the strengths of Western societies, particularly in economic matters. In general, however, the themes stressed in the media are those which fortify Gorbachev's foreign-policy objectives. With the Soviet Union seemingly in the process of withdrawing from involvement in Third-World conflicts, the media have begun to emphasize the failures of socialism in the "newly liberated" states. The Soviet decision to pull out of Afghanistan was accompanied by press accounts of the "mistakes" of the old leadership in its decision to invade. Questions have also been raised about the militarization of Soviet foreign policy—just when Gorbachev was making a serious effort to convince the world, and Europe in particular, of his peaceful intentions. All or some of these changes may be welcomed; they do not constitute a real debate. Here, indeed, is *glasnost* as originally envisioned by Gorbachev: apparent candor in the service of official policy.

LAQUEUR concludes on a pessimistic note. While the supporters of *glasnost* have achieved an impressive opening up of Soviet society, they have yet to demonstrate the ability to overcome the heavy burden of Russian history, with its unique tradition of hostility to Western-style freedom. At a time when Communist ideology everywhere seems to be disintegrating, Laqueur's emphasis on the historical obstacles to liberty and openness is extremely important, and should be pondered by those who believed that Marxism's collapse would automatically usher in a democratic millennium. Yet while Laqueur is duly appreciative of Communist totalitarianism's role in compounding the dilemma of Russian authoritarianism, he perhaps does not give proper weight to the damage inflicted by seventy years of Leninist political organi-

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zation. By imposing a single explanation for historical events, Communism has made suspect the process of critical and independent thought. By treating civic initiative as a form of treason, Communism has created almost insuperable obstacles to the reestablishment of political life. And by insisting on irrational economic policies, Communism has ensured that change will require prolonged periods of impoverishment, as witness the current tragic situation in Poland. A theme struck again and again by Soviet officials is the need to make the Soviet Union a "normal" society. It is their ill fortune to have inherited a system which, as Laqueur's book makes clear, guarantees that the road to normality will be long and painful.

Foreign Correspondent

FROM BEIRUT TO JERUSALEM. By THOMAS L. FRIEDMAN. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 525 pp. $22.95.*

Reviewed by DANIEL PIPES

LIKE many other Americans interested in the Middle East, I became aware of Thomas L. Friedman during the long, difficult summer of 1982. Not only did his reporting from Beirut for the New York *Times* stand out by virtue of its objectivity, but it had a sparkle and an insight lacking in other dispatches from that city; his stories explained the news at the same time that they reported it. Subsequent events made clear that I was not the only one to take notice of Friedman. He went on to earn fame and prizes for his reporting from the Middle East, and he has recently moved to Washington as the *Times*'s chief diplomatic correspondent.

Between assignments, Friedman gathered up his observations of the Middle East into *From Beirut to Jerusalem,* a book whose title exactly sums up the contents, being evenly divided between "Beirut" (where he lived most of the time between mid-1979 and mid-1984) and "Jerusalem" (1984-88).

Friedman explains daily life in Lebanon during civil war in a way that helps make sense of that bizarre existence for anyone who has not spent time there. His vignettes neatly capture the contradictions of a world in which, because fighting erupts in only some places and at only some times, passers-by on one street will witness a raging gun battle while shoppers browse around the corner. After a car bombing in Beirut, the most frequently asked question is not "Who did it?" or "How many were killed?" but "What did it do to the dollar rate?" Likewise, "How is it outside?" refers not to the weather but to the security situation. Much as American radio stations offer information on the traffic, Leba-

DANIEL PIPES *is director of the Foreign Policy Research Institute in Philadelphia and editor of* Orbis, *its quarterly journal. His most recent book,* The Long Shadow: Culture and Politics in the Middle East, *was published by Transaction.*

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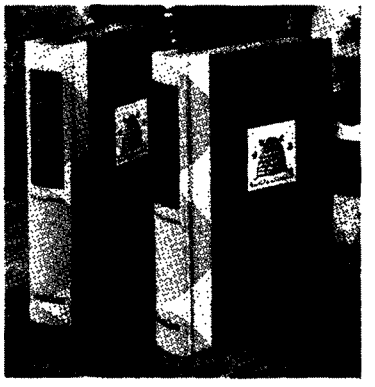

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nese radio stations compete for market share by providing the most timely and complete information on street conditions. One anecdote sums up life in that city. Friedman attended a dinner party on Christmas eve 1983, at a time when artillery salvos were landing nearby. The hostess put off dinner in the hope that things would settle down. Finally, seeing that her friends were getting hungry, not to mention nervous, "in an overture you won't find in Emily Post's book of etiquette, she turned to her guests and asked, 'Would you like to eat now or wait for the cease-fire?'"

Not unreasonably, Friedman is pessimistic about Lebanon. His view of the country's prospects is summed up by a psychologist at the American University of Beirut whom he quotes as saying that peace will come "when the Lebanese start to love their children more than they hate each other."

SURPRISINGLY, Friedman is nearly as pessimistic about Israel, a country whose deep internal divisions, he writes, must constantly be papered over anew for normal political life to go on. With more than a touch of hyperbole, Friedman foresees the possibility of Israel going the way of Lebanon:

> If forced to confront the real and passionate ideological differences in their country . . . [Israelis] could end up like the Lebanese: arguing first in the parliament and then in the streets. To put it bluntly, asking an Israeli leader to really face the question, "What is Israel?" is like inviting him to a civil war.

In the Jerusalem half of his book, Friedman naturally devotes considerable attention to the conflict between Israelis and Palestinians. Here too he is deeply pessimistic, portraying the contest as a brutal war for communal survival:

> One side had knives and pistols; the other had secret agents and courts. While each constantly cried out to the world how evil the other was, when they looked one another in the eye—whether in the interrogator's room or before inserting a knife in a back alley—they said something different: I will do whatever I have to to survive. Have no doubt about it.

This frightful picture notwithstanding, Friedman proposes innovative guidelines for a solution. "The Palestinians must make themselves so indigestible to Israelis that they want to disgorge them into their own state, while at the same time reassuring the Israelis that they can disgorge them without committing suicide." To accomplish this nearly impossible task, Palestinians, in Friedman's view, have to adopt a two-pronged tactic, combining "the stick of nonlethal civil disobedience and the carrot of explicit recognition." Although Friedman is enormously critical of the Israelis, it should be noted that even he calls on the Palestinians to take the initiative; and until they do, he can see why the Israelis remain skeptical.

Short of the Palestinians taking up both civil disobedience and explicit recognition, Friedman foresees no real change in the status quo. He calls the *intifada* an "earthquake," but he cannot imagine it solving the basic impasse:

> Israelis will be interested in hearing what Arafat and the Palestinians have to say as a nation only when the Israelis feel that they have no choice but to make a deal with the Palestinians as another nation on the land. A person is interested in the terms of a deal only when he feels he has to make a deal. The *intifada* has not . . . exerted enough internal pressure on Israelis, or offered them enough incentives, to convince a significant majority that they can and should share either power or sovereignty.

One of Friedman's strong points as a writer is his ability to convey complex problems simply and pungently. His expression "Hama rules" (referring to that Syrian city's destruction by the Assad government) has entered the vocabulary. Then, using the imagery of a couple falling in love and learning about each other's families, he explains the process of mutual discovery between American Jews and Israelis during the mid-1970's:

> American Jews suddenly found themselves exclaiming to Israelis, "Hey, I fell in love with Golda Meir. You mean to tell me that Rabbi Meir Kahane is in your family! I went out with Moshe Dayan—you mean to tell me that ultra-Orthodox are in your family! I loved someone who makes deserts green, not someone who breaks Palestinians' bones." Israelis eventually found themselves equally aghast and exclaiming, "Look, American Jew, just because we are dating doesn't mean you can tell me how to live my life. And anyway, American Jew, if we are in love, then you should move in with me."

But if Friedman excels at the journalistic insight and the apt quote, he is in the final analysis unable to transcend the limits of his craft. His proximity to the scene of action means he gets the larger context wrong. Thus, his assertion that "the PLO under Yasir Arafat was the first truly independent Palestinian national movement" ignores twenty years of the Arab High Committee under Hajj Amin al-Husayni.

The same superficiality extends to Friedman's treatment of the Arab-Israeli conflict. Although the hostility of the Arab states toward Israel remains the heart of the Arab-Israeli problem, there is hardly a word about it in *From Beirut to Jerusalem*, which suggests that the conflict is nothing more than a bilateral confrontation between Palestinians and Israelis. Friedman's restricted vision may reflect the fact that the Palestinians are more prominent in the daily news coming out of Israel; but a book needs to be more than a compilation of news dispatches. His implication that the communal contest is the real problem reveals a shallow understanding of eight decades of Arab-Israeli strife.

Finally, Friedman's highly emotional relationship with Israel biases his views of that country. He confesses to having grown up thinking of Israel in mythic, heroic terms; he then charts the progress of his disenchantment, the final stage of which occurred in September 1982, at the time of the Sabra and Shatila massacre. When official Israel obfuscated the role played by Israeli armed forces in

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failing to prevent the massacre of Palestinian Muslim Arabs by Lebanese Christian militiamen, a grievously disappointed Friedman "buried . . . every illusion" he ever held about the Jewish state. Actually, however, Friedman continued to be haunted by what he calls illusions, and he still labors under their sway. Their effects can be traced in the intense mix of affection and anger that suffuses his writing about Israel, so unlike his Olympian reports from Lebanon. When, for example, he refers heatedly to "Jewish power, Jewish generals, Jewish tanks, Jewish pride" as Menachem Begin's pornography, he may be revealing more about his own fantasy life than Begin's. He still feels tied to Israel, and therefore—in some unarticulated way—responsible for what Israelis do.

WRITING in 1987, my colleague Adam Garfinkle observed that "the new tradition of the New York *Times*'s foreign correspondents writing long, anecdotal, and lyrically styled books on the subject of their most recent assignments" has filled the niche once held by 19th-century travelogues. Both genres emphasize first-hand experience; both serve as adjuncts to scholarly literature; and both offer severe reductions of complex political and cultural realities. Thomas Friedman has produced one of the better specimens of this usually blighted form, even if he fails to transcend its journalistic roots.

The Stopped Clock

SKETCHES FROM A LIFE. By GEORGE F. KENNAN. *Pantheon. 369 pp. $22.95.*

Reviewed by PETER BRIMELOW

"KENNAN—A Prophet Honored" was the headline over Mary McGrory's Washington *Post* column on George F. Kennan's testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee this past April. Kennan was given a spontaneous standing ovation in which, according to McGrory, even the Senate stenographer joined.

Also this year, Kennan published his nineteenth book, *Sketches from a Life.* A collection of passages from his diaries and letters, it goes back as far as 1927 when at the age of twenty-two he was beginning his career in the foreign service as U.S. vice-consul in Hamburg, and extends all the way up to the present.

Kennan's life should be eminently sketchworthy. He was "present at the creation," to borrow a phrase from Dean Acheson, his former boss at the State Department. In 1931, after two years studying Russian in Berlin, he was assigned to Riga in Latvia, then the U.S. listening post into the Soviet Union. In 1933, he went to Moscow with the first American ambassador to the new regime. He also served in several other European capitals and was stationed in Berlin when hostilities broke out in 1941.

Back in Moscow after the war, Kennan dispatched the famous 1946 "long telegram" warning of Soviet intentions. A year later, under the pseudonym "X," he wrote the seminal *Foreign Affairs* article, "The Sources of Soviet Conduct," which is usually credited with outlining the concept of containment that was to be the rationale for U.S. policy toward the Soviet Union through the cold war.

But as U.S. policy hardened, Kennan became increasingly unhappy—whether because containment was being interpreted too aggressively, or because he himself had changed, is still the subject of heated dispute. Eventually, Kennan attacked the incoming Eisenhower administration's hopes of liberating Eastern Europe, provoking the new Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, to force him out of the foreign service. Since then, apart from a brief and unhappy spell as President Kennedy's ambassador to Yugoslavia, Kennan has been an academic and a writer. His public pronouncements have been increasingly dramatic, including a call for the neutralization of Central Europe, loud opposition to the Vietnam war, and, most recently,

PETER BRIMELOW *is a senior editor at* Forbes *magazine.*

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demands for nuclear disarmament.

For all this, however, and despite what its title implies, the present volume contains surprisingly little either of Kennan's public or of his private life. Possibly this is because he has written extensively on these matters before and has also published two volumes of memoirs. Whatever the reason, issues are rarely addressed here directly. Furthermore, all the characters, even his children, are ciphers, sometimes identified by letters even when their full names are given elsewhere.

What remains is a sort of episodic travelogue through space and time. Interspersed with short descriptions of journeys in the Soviet Union before and after World War II are accounts, scarcely more enthusiastic, of trips back to the Midwest of Kennan's birth. In later years, Kennan's impressions of various academic occasions and of sailing his yacht in Norwegian waters are mixed with what appears to be private tourism to North Africa, India, and elsewhere (alleviated, it is heartwarming to note, by hospitality from a freemasonry of foreign-service connections now in possession of their own embassies and consulates). Many of the pieces are literally fragments. The writing is adequate if mannered, the earlier items in particular bearing the adjectival stamp of the literary exercise.

THERE is a natural impulse to applaud any author of eighty-five, yet ploughing through this very long book, the reader is overcome with the same restlessness that resulted in Roy Campbell's famous outburst on being asked about the other poets of his generation: "I see the snaffle and the bit all right,/But where's the bloody horse?"

In this case, the missing horse is the lack of any real content. The situation is not assuaged by Kennan's own continual reminders, made in a gloomy but self-satisfied tone, that he is not aware of any horse, either. "I realized I had nothing interesting to say about this sturdy Hamburg of 1960. . . ." "But my feelings, on this bright Sunday morning, are very superficial and indistinct. . . ." "[Recognizing] the slenderness of my own qualifications for judgment . . . I have no criticisms to voice of [Morocco's] ruler, and am simply grateful that I have no share in his responsibilities." Why in that case, it is surely reasonable to inquire, has he written at all?

Indeed, the overwhelming impression left by Kennan's jottings of a lifetime is not of analytic intelligence, but of shocking emotion—a gnawing, self-pitying querulousness. In the young man, this manifests itself in an affected world-weariness. "Life is too full in these times [1927!] to be comprehensible." In the old man, it becomes a continuous whining about automobiles, airplanes, and virtually every aspect of modern American life. His reactions to new places and problems are now irascibly subjective: "Why anyone should have wanted to trek across [southern Africa] and to establish himself in it in the first place, I could not understand"—an extraordinary comment from a child of Wisconsin pioneers. And there is a consistent, somewhat embarrassing, note of self-reproach. Ultimately, this is projected onto a national level: "You have despaired of yourself; now despair of your country!"

IN KENNAN'S entire life, on the evidence of this book, there has only been one moment of unalloyed happiness: when Mikhail Gorbachev said some flattering words on meeting him at the Soviet embassy reception in Washington in 1987. The force of Kennan's response to this elementary diplomatic ploy is astounding. He celebrates it for pages. "I reflected that if you cannot have this sort of recognition from your own government," writes this winner of the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award, past president of the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, eponym for an entire scholarly Institute in Washington, and (after the book came out) recipient of the presidential Medal of Freedom, "it is nice to have it at least from the one-time adversary."

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But it is not only he himself who has allegedly suffered from lack of recognition; the entire class of American intellectuals has been cruelly ignored by "the dominant forces of the country," just as the 19th-century Russian intelligentsia was. In making this complaint, Kennan strikes an attitude that is very popular with American intellectuals—which may be a clue to the enthusiasm with which so vapid and boring a book has been received.

Another clue lies in the passivity in the face of the Soviet Union he has been advocating ever since he began backing away from his "X" article in the 50's. To justify this change, he has been claiming to detect signs of moderation in the Kremlin at regular intervals at least since his Reith Lectures in 1957. The question is whether he is a prophet or the proverbial stopped clock, right twice a day—if only for a moment.

Dance of Death

RITES OF SPRING: THE GREAT WAR AND THE BIRTH OF THE MODERN AGE. By MODRIS EKSTEINS. *Houghton Mifflin. 396 pp. $24.95.*

THE MODERN WORLD: TEN GREAT WRITERS. By MALCOLM BRADBURY. *Viking. 294 pp. $18.95.*

Reviewed by JONATHAN ROSEN

"THIS is a book about death and destruction," Modris Eksteins tells the reader in his preface to *Rites of Spring: The Great War and the Birth of the Modern Age.* For Eksteins, modern consciousness was born on the battlefields of World War I and those battlefields were, in some sense, born out of the sick visions of the failing Western imagination. *Stirb und werde*—"die and become"—said Goethe, and the modern world took him literally.

The book's title and theme come from Stravinsky's ballet *Rite of Spring,* which premiered in Paris in 1913 when art still had the ability to shock. Produced by Diaghilev, choreographed and danced by Nijinsky, the ballet enacted the folk legend of a maiden who literally dances herself to death in a pagan ritual to honor the gods of spring and fertility. It is in this inversion of life and death that Eksteins finds his central metaphor for what was to become of Europe.

After describing the cultural life of Paris and Berlin before 1914, Eksteins charts the progress of the war, its after-effects and influence on Europe, and concludes with a brief, thematic account of the rise and fall of the Third Reich. This is a lot of history for a relatively small book, and Eksteins proceeds impressionistically, casting his study as a drama in three acts—though its effects are more cinematic, with abrupt cuts, shifting perspectives, and montages of unconnected detail. He identifies his method as an attempt to make a kind of peace with the broken world we have inherited from the war, but his efforts at integration are not always successful, too often enacting his theme where they should be explaining it.

EKSTEINS'S first chapter, "Paris," explores the prominence of Diaghilev in the avant-garde, the background and the history of his company, the Ballets Russes, and the emergence of an artistic society which identified "scandal as success," an identification that culminated in the staging of *Rite of Spring.* Paris was prepared to be scandalized by the performance, and it was—everything from the discordant score and primitive theme to the unconventional movements of the dancers brought hoots and whistles from the audience. The very rise of the curtain drew jeers, though Stravinsky partisans were there to shout back. Eksteins concludes that something new was embodied in this ballet and the response to it: "Art has transcended reason, didacticism, and moral purpose: art has become provocation and event."

The second chapter, "Berlin," sees the artistic impulses that produced Stravinsky's ballet now becoming embodied in society itself. For Eksteins, Germany was "the modernist state *par excellence.*" He

JONATHAN ROSEN *is a free-lance writer living in New York.*

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rehearses the familiar divisions of Germany at that time, the contradictory yearnings for order and freedom, for *Macht* and *Geist*—an outward might and an inner, elusive spiritual liberation. The contradictions led to the desire to be "elemental," Eksteins tells us, "to rebel against suffocating and stultifying norms, against meaningless conventions, against insecurity."

The "total art" Diaghilev imagined, where costume and choreography, music, story-line, and performance all held equal weight, found its equivalent in German *Kultur* which "dreamed of a fusion of worlds, physical and spiritual." The outbreak of World War I seemed to Germany a fulfillment of that dream. England and France saw themselves as the custodians of a venerable culture and of time-honored traditions that the war threatened to destroy. For Germany, a latecomer to that world, war was a beginning.

After the horror of the trenches, the mass slaughter on an unprecedented scale, and the dehumanizing encounter with a deadly array of new weapons from the machine gun to poison gas, a fusion of a certain sort did take place, though not the one expected. The dissonance of Stravinsky's music now harmonized with the fractured vision of the postwar world. Returning soldiers escaped the realities of the trenches but not its grim mentality.

Eksteins might have added, for it fits his argument perfectly, that it was in studying the victims of shell shock that Freud discovered what he would call Thanatos—the "Death Instinct"—a part of the ego that seeks, against the restraining logic of biological life, release in death. The *Rite of Spring*, with its dance of death, became universal, the sacrificial maiden an emblem of the modern soul.

Paul Fussell made only half this argument a few years ago in *The Great War and Modern Memory*. For Fussell, the war was a terrible fact that changed old forms of language and self-perception, but it was the cause of new artistic imaginings, not the result. For Eksteins, the weight of responsibility has shifted subtly so that, while he does not say so explicitly, it is clear that in his mind it was artists, the guardians of the imagination, who helped betray Europe.

UNLIKE Fussell, who focused on war memoirists, Eksteins devotes an entire chapter to a fictionalizer of his war experience, Erich Maria Remarque. *All Quiet on the Western Front* was one of the first books to break the silence after the war, becoming an unprecedented best-seller. The writers Fussell examined helped usher in a tone of new truth and dark reality. Eksteins's emblematic author evaded, even as he explored, his experience:

> Remarque blamed the war for his personal disorientation. The German public, too, assumed that its suffering was a direct legacy of the war. *All Quiet* actually raised the consciousness of Germans on the issue of the war as the source of their difficulties.

Thus did Remarque, in Eksteins's view, contribute to the irresponsible delusions of Germany.

It is tempting to say that Eksteins cannot tell the dancer from the dance. The cover of *Rites of Spring* depicts Nijinsky, mad eyes flashing, performing what appears to be a goose step in high boots. The photograph is superimposed on a gray battlefield so that Nijinsky seems to have leaped onto the true stage of the modern world, leading Europe in a frenzied dance of death. The metaphor is commanding, but Eksteins strains for more than a metaphor. To find anything beyond a stirring coincidence in Stravinsky's ballet and the dark war that followed would be like holding Tennyson responsible for the concept of the survival of the fittest because he wrote about "Nature red in tooth and claw" nine years before the publication of *Origin of Species*. For reasons of expediency, too, Eksteins seems to choose lesser artists for study and to draw conclusions about greater ones that do not do justice to the complexity

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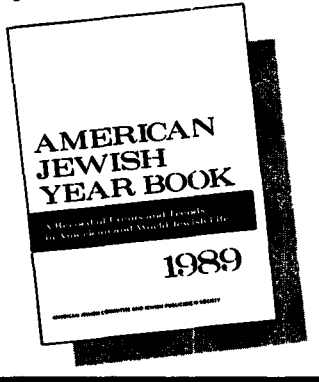

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and richness of writers like Joyce and Proust.

Still, there is much that is powerful in Eksteins's book. He is compelling in his descriptions of the life of the trenches and his account of the transformation from the optimistic euphoria of 1914, when enemy soldiers exchanged gifts in no-man's-land on Christmas, to the mass slaughter and the grim dehumanization of the later war. He is eloquent and persuasive on the subtle inversion that war and then defeat imposed on German consciousness, transposing life and death, victory and defeat—though Fritz Stern's 1987 *Dreams and Delusions* does greater justice to the complexity of modern Germany, and Stern's informal lucidity accomplishes the difficult task with great clarity.

GREATER justice is also done to the subject of modernism in literature in Malcolm Bradbury's *The Modern World: Ten Great Writers.* These straightforward profiles were written to accompany a British television series but they are elegant and literate, and they convey, in limited space, a strong sense of their subjects and of the temper of the modernist mind.

The writers—who include Dostoevsky, Kafka, Virginia Woolf, Proust, Joyce, and Thomas Mann—are not surprising choices. As the title implies, so firmly have these writers taken root that for Bradbury they constitute a world, and one we still inhabit. Bradbury is not apologetic about the term "great" or the singularity of "world," and his use of these words indicates a measure of faith in the persistence of a shared culture and common literary values. Nevertheless, he is not blind to the dark situation of modern creation that Eksteins is primarily concerned with.

As in Eksteins's book, the destructive side of modernism is given its due, Zarathustra speaks up from time to time: "Whoever wants to be creative in good and evil, he must first be an annihilator and destroy values." There are references to the ominous pronouncements of Pound (who is not profiled) announcing death to the old culture in *Blast*, and to the equally ominous pronouncements of Ibsen (who is profiled): "The great task of our time is to blow up all existing institutions—to destroy." In this book, however, dread slogans lead not to war but to great literature.

A familiar sense of paradox and ambiguity pervades all the writers in this book. The dark mystery at the heart of Conrad's *The Secret Agent*, the masks of Pirandello, the narrow passageways of Kafkan parable that seem impervious to interpretation and yet lie so near the brink of meaning, are all explored. But Bradbury gives equal weight to the large view these writers have, their penetrating vision, and the often heroic role of the artist in reclaiming the past.

Bradbury provides a possible response to Eksteins's charge that in a writer like Joyce there is no "collective reality" by quoting Joyce's boast that, should Dublin be destroyed, it could be rebuilt by using *Ulysses* as a guide, so accurate are its evocations of the city. And Bradbury notes that while *Ulysses* ends with its famous, life-affirming "yes I said yes I will Yes," they are not quite the final words "for they are followed by a few more of equal importance, the dateline 'Trieste—Zurich—Paris, 1914-1921.'" The dates are an example of how, "like many works of modernism . . . *Ulysses* built a complex bridge between the prewar and the postwar worlds, two ages of modern writing."

Thomas Mann provided a similar bridge with *The Magic Mountain*, begun in 1912, interrupted during the war, and finished in 1924. Only that dark work concludes not with a "yes" but with the bleak descent of its hero, Hans Castorp, to death in the war, putting an abrupt end to the philosophical dialogue he had enjoyed on the mountaintop. "The book will continue to retain its double face," Bradbury writes, "as a portrait of the death-dance of a civilization in an epoch of decline, and as a work that attempts a great resolution of our underlying spiritual, moral, and intellectual conflicts, and moves toward a new humanism."

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Almost a quarter of a century ago, Lionel Trilling found *The Magic Mountain* more disturbing than that when he wrote on "The Teaching of Modern Literature" in *Beyond Culture*. For Trilling, it was nearly impossible to teach college students books that embodied "The idea of losing oneself up to the point of self-destruction." Though Eksteins's study may mark the beginning of a revisionist view, no one else seems to worry much in these days of the disputed literary canon that college students will be corrupted by reading the modernists. Indeed, Trilling himself noted that what made teaching them so unsettling was the bland acceptance with which these darkest of writers were assimilated by his students. Surely what was true in 1965 is even truer now and is what, if anything, makes us postmodern. Whether that is because we are on more or less familiar terms with dark times is difficult to say.

The Japanese Challenge

THE ENIGMA OF JAPANESE POWER: PEOPLE AND POLITICS IN A STATELESS NATION. By KAREL VAN WOLFEREN. *Knopf. 496 pp. $25.95.*

MORE LIKE US: MAKING AMERICA GREAT AGAIN. By JAMES FALLOWS. *Houghton Mifflin. 245 pp. $18.95.*

YEN! JAPAN'S NEW FINANCIAL EMPIRE AND ITS THREAT TO AMERICA. By DANIEL BURSTEIN. *Simon & Schuster. 335 pp. $19.95.*

JAPANESE INVESTMENT IN THE UNITED STATES: SHOULD WE BE CONCERNED? Edited by KOZO YAMAMURA. *Society for Japanese Studies. 289 pp. $5.00 (paper).*

Reviewed by GEORGE RUSSELL

THE United States is obsessed with Japan, and with reason. No foreign power, not even West Germany, has delivered so severe a shock to American self-esteem in the postwar era, not to mention what Japan has done to the balance of trade, the structure of American foreign debt, and the shape—or nonexistent shape—of important American industries.

Much of our economic concern about the Japanese is summarized in two questions: Can they ever change to become less of a competitive threat to us? Can we change to become more of one to them? Karel van Wolferen's book, *The Enigma of Japanese Power,* which ponders the first question, emphatically answers no. Van Wolferen, a Dutch-born journalist, knows a great deal about Japan. He has lived in the country for many years, speaks the language fluently, and has even taught university courses there. But none of this has left him with terribly friendly feelings toward the place.

Japan, as van Wolferen sees it, is set on a course that it cannot change, run by an endlessly manipulative elite that is culturally unable to think of any ends beyond its own unlimited economic growth. To van Wolferen, Japan is not a polity, but a "System" comparable (not morally but structurally) to Nazism and Marxism-Leninism in its focus on power for power's sake and in its all-encompassing domestic control.

So far as trade and industry are concerned, he argues, Japan is "structurally protectionist. It has to stay so if it wants to continue enjoying [the] proven benefits" of an economic model that van Wolferen, citing the American political scientist Chalmers Johnson, calls the "capitalist development state." That, in turn, is a bureaucratic-industrial partnership "sealed by a shared industrial and trade strategy." The challenge of Japan, he maintains, "is whether international free trade as a system can survive so long as the countries without a trade strategy are locked in a struggle to accommodate these formidable capitalist development states."

That last statement alone would be reason enough for protectionist-minded claques in the U.S. executive and legislative branches to brandish van Wolferen's book at committee hearings and on C-SPAN. But the real insidiousness of this book goes well beyond reformulating run-of-the-mill protectionist arguments. Van Wolferen's intention is to give Western Japan-bashing a basis in anthropology.

Thus, he contends that Japanese society is "hollow at the center"—it lacks values, ethics, principles, morals, or norms that would limit the accretion by the country's bureaucratic-industrial elite of power for its own sake. What does this mean? Essentially, that the Japanese cannot be trusted, and especially not to change the country's goal of unlimited industrial expansion.

Van Wolferen goes even further. Japanese society, and especially the Japanese political system, lacks anything *at all* that would link it sympathetically with the West. "Japan and the Western nations stand at opposite extremes when viewed in the collective context of human civilization."

This is pejorative cultural judgment of breathtaking sweep that, when it is not based upon strange generalizations about the nature of the West, amounts to an elaborate conspiracy theory of Japanese history. Indeed, despite its exotic focus, and although van Wolferen himself is certainly no leftist, his book resembles the work of New Left social theorists like C. Wright Mills in describing the workings of the United States.

Two conspiratorial assumptions give an artificial coherence to van Wolferen's political sociology. The first is the notion that any deviation from a textbook—i.e., highly artificial—description of how political and social institutions work means that the institutions must be, in some fashion, a sham, fraud, or optical illusion. Thus, Japan has "the most complete set of democratic trappings [*sic*] outside the West"; but the parliamentary opposition is "ritualistic and harmless," and absorbs "potentially genuine opposition." Japan's frantically energetic newspapers "never really 'take on' the System. They will occasionally rage at some of its elements . . . [but] they make no attempt to . . . provide a critical frame of reference enabling readers

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to ask questions concerning the System's essential nature and the direction in which it is taking them."

The second conspiratorial assumption is that all of these deformations and illusions are the product of an otherwise dispersed elite that operates *consciously as a whole* in its own interest, and gets away with it through means that are never clear, except that they do not include social consent. As van Wolferen puts it: "The System is what it is by virtue of informal relations that have no basis in the constitution, in any other laws, or in any formal rules of the ministries, the [ruling Liberal Democratic party], the corporations, or any other of the . . . institutions."

This view considers the issues of culture, custom, historical particularity, religion, and that singularity known as "values" to be significant only insofar as they support the main thesis, of sinister manipulation. The Japanese ethic of loyalty is, he says, "in essence, an ethic of submission." In almost the same breath, he notes that in Japanese companies, "employees are intensively and constantly involved in meetings, work discipline groups . . . and the like. All of this helps to shape a personality susceptible to manipulation." Like the New Left on America, van Wolferen believes that everything in Japanese society that does not promote rebellion is evidence of domination.

Now there is no denying that Japanese politics are dominated by a bureaucratic-industrial oligarchy, that corruption in Western terms is endemic, that a wide variety of Japanese social priorities have been neglected in the rush to world economic might. But it is a long way from there to a 2,000-year conspiracy. Van Wolferen's thesis essentially dismisses as inconsequential the deep changes that are now sweeping through Japan as a result of its growing wealth. One of them is Japanese ownership of factories, homes, and other property abroad, which is likely to erode, at least at the margin, the country's pernicious insularity. The money scandals that brought down Prime Minister Takeshita, the rising political clout of Japanese women, national efforts to find a new balance between work and leisure time, even the extent to which Japanese markets actually have opened up under tough U.S. and European bargaining pressure—according to van Wolferen, these things do not mean much. Actually, however, as July's election results underscored, they point to something that he systematically excludes as impossible: a deeply conservative, inward-looking society is undergoing a significant and quite rapid change of character.

THE characteristics that cause van Wolferen to consider Japan beyond the pale are precisely the ones that push James Fallows into a form of populist introspection. A one-time Naderite, a former Jimmy Carter speechwriter, proponent of the Gary Hart less-is-more school of American defense-procurement reform, Fallows is now a full-time journalist who has lived with his family in Asia for the past three years. His children have gone to Japanese schools. He has weathered the newly minted scorn of Asians for "lazy Americans." All of that experience has led him to conclude that America, for all its flaws, is a pretty great place, and to worry that in its rush to cope with the Asian economic challenge, the U.S. will emulate the Japanese too well.

Faced with Japan's hierarchical, persistent, and self-abnegating society, Fallows asserts that America's strength is something greatly different: a "talent for disorder." If Japanese society offers everyone a place at the cost of Western-style individuality, he observes, the American social and economic genius is to create opportunities where they did not previously exist—social mobility:

> The United States may be "deindustrializing"; its relative power in the world may be in decline. But for people determined to reinvent their lives and create new roles for themselves, even the America of the 1980's can be a malleable, forgiving culture. The more America allows people to make new choices and changes, the healthier and more productive the whole society will be.

In line with this romantic populism, Fallows decries what he

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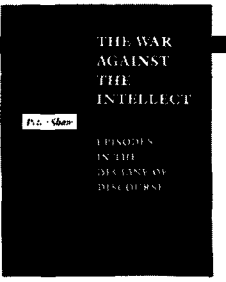

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calls the growing "Confucianism" of American society—a caste rigidity that in his view began to set in with the increased emphasis in the late 19th and early 20th centuries on formal schooling as a means of upward mobility, and especially of professional licensing.

This so-called Confucianism is more nearly Prussian, for the growth in American society of educational hierarchy, professionalization, and civil testing that Fallows deplores owes a lot to Germany, nothing to Japan or China. Be that as it may, his real purpose here is to endorse some reverse social engineering of American life.

Fallows has a number of ideas on how to reduce the creative drag of "Confucianism" on the American economy. Some of them will not be welcomed, to put it mildly, in traditional liberal circles. Welfare benefits, he believes, should be tied to work, to reinforce the tie between effort and fulfillment. The decaying American school system badly needs an overhaul: the best means of doing that, he argues, would be to institute a voucher system. Public schools, like private ones, should have the ability to hire people on the basis of their competence—thus eating away at the monopoly position of certified teachers. In the same vein, Fallows says, nurses should be allowed to offer a variety of medical services if they can pass competency tests.

One can share many of Fallows's prejudices against educational, medical, and other forms of academic licensing, but even so, many disciplines are vastly more technical now than in the 1880's—and besides, why stop with the professions? There is a great silence in Fallows's argument over one of the most creative and distinctively American risk-taking activities: entrepreneurship. What, if anything, does he think should be done about the absurdities of tort law, the reporting manias of various U.S. government inspectorates, the elaborate testing requirements of the Food and Drug Administration, the bureaucratizing urge to indulge in a risk-free consumer society?

Still, even though he avoids some of the toughest issues, the surprising fact that Fallows is willing to cast aside a number of strongly held liberal ideas in the process must be considered a political event of some note.

No such surprises await readers of *Yen!*, a breezy, alarmist, and fairly conventional sky-is-falling view of the Japanese economic menace. Daniel Burstein, a New York-based economist-journalist, argues chiefly that Japan, having conquered the world industrially, now stands ready to take control of the world financial system with its immense capital surpluses. Among other things, he blames the fiscal policies of the Reagan administration for selling America's industrial birthright for a mess of fiscal-deficit and foreign-debt pottage. (There is little mention of the congressional role in budget-making here.)

The world Burstein descries is fraught with new dangers: loss of American control over economic policy as the republic sinks deeper into foreign debt; the siphoning off of profits by Japanese branch-plant capitalism in the U.S.; attendant decline in American living standards; the gobbling up of U.S. assets, including corporations and real estate; the possibility of global economic collapse if Japanese speculative fever at home ever peaks.

Interestingly, many of the anxieties Burstein voices about the loss of U.S. economic sovereignty were first expressed by Europeans in the 1960's about the advent of the American multinational corporation. For solutions to the problem of dissipating U.S. economic muscle, Burstein proposes fiscal deficit cuts and something he calls "wealth bonds," meaning a 20-percent income-tax surcharge on the rich to reduce the deficit. Presumably the Japanese would take care of future U.S. capital investment, because the rich would probably no longer be so able to do it. Burstein also calls for an end to the free-trade "charade," meaning that the U.S. should admit that "we need a policy of managed trade, and for the first time, carefully enumerate the areas of business we seek to protect fully, why, and for how long." Perhaps we can ask the Argentines for advice.

Japanese Investment in the United States, a compendium of monographs by a variety of U.S. and Japanese scholars, tries to put one aspect of the rise of Japan's economic might in non-nationalistic perspective. This basically conservative volume argues that Japanese investment here is smaller and less of a problem than current hysteria suggests; that the Japanese trade surplus is a short- rather than a long-term phenomenon; and that perhaps the chief culprit in this orgy of concern is the lingering U.S. fiscal deficit.

Kenneth Pyle, professor of history and Asian studies at the University of Washington, adds a note of sympathy for the crisis that wealth is producing within Japanese culture. As a result of its enormous trading income, an insular country is facing *kokusaika,* or "internationalization" of its perspectives. Pyle sides with those in Japan who feel that for the country to succeed in adjusting to its global clout, it must open itself further to the outside world. That process, says Pyle, is "still a fragile blossom in Japan. It does not represent a national consensus." It threatens many domestic and bureaucratic interests; they would prefer a continuation of Japan's inward-looking, essentially xenophobic protectionism.

It would seem, in short, that there is room for great and baleful complicity between the protectionists on both sides of the Pacific.

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